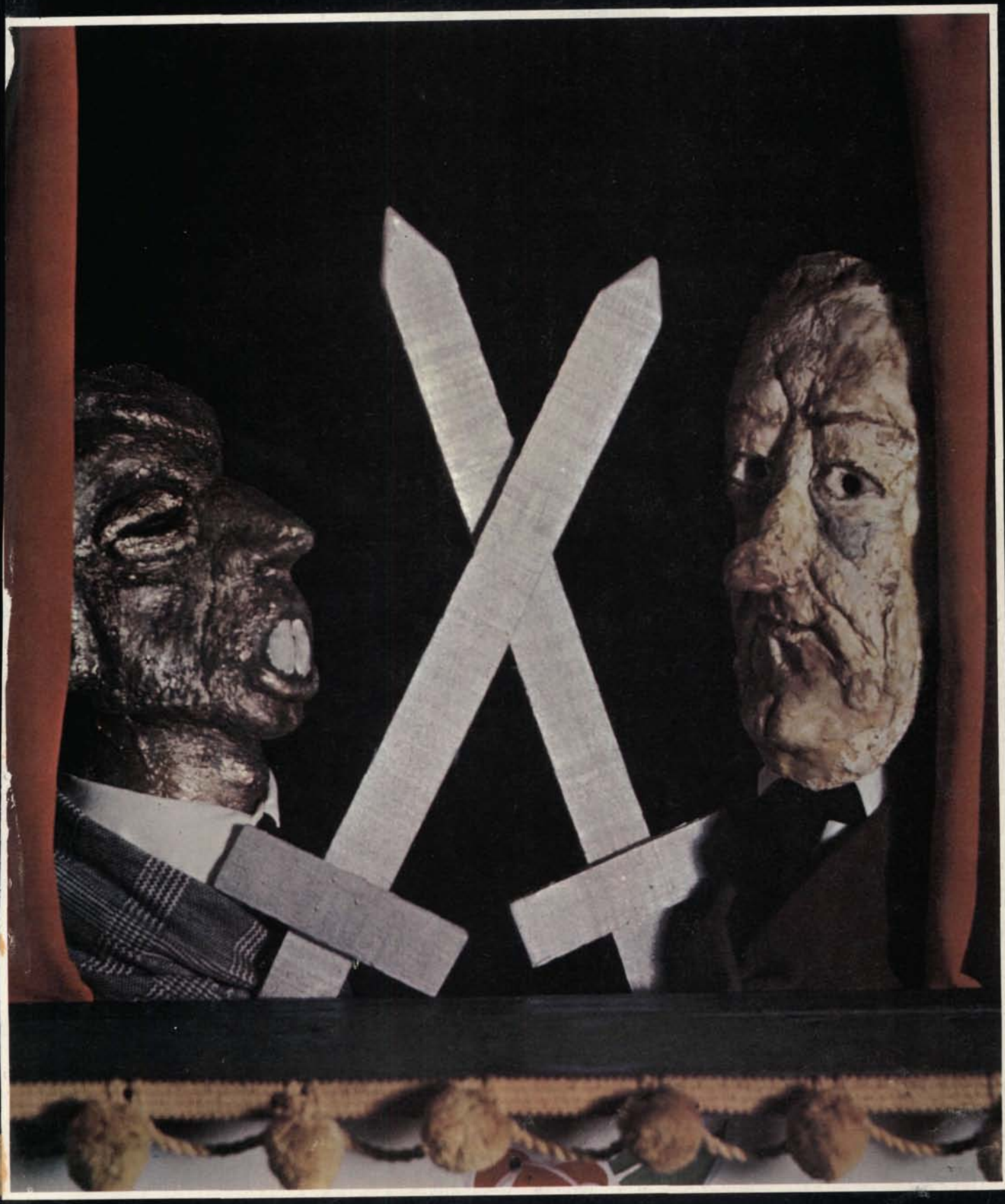
December 1966

Ramparts

Seventy-five Cents



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"A REVOLUTION IN SONGWRITING"

PHIL OCHS

"Changes" © Barricade Music ASCAP
Sit by my side, come as close as the air
Share in a memory of grey
And wander in my words
And dream about the pictures that I play of changes

"Love Me I'm A Liberal" © Barricade Music ASCAP
Sure, once I was young and impulsive. I wore every conceivable pin.
Even went to Socialist meetings, learned all the old union hymns.
Ah, but I've grown older and wiser, and that's why I'm turning you in.
So love, me, love me, I'm a liberal.

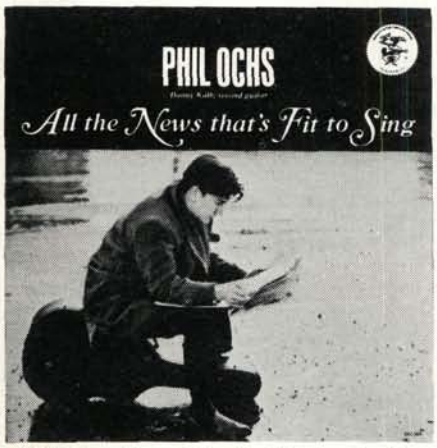
"There But For Fortune" © Appleseed Music ASCAP
Show me a country where the bombs had to fall.
Show me the ruins of the buildings once so tall.
And I'll show you a young land with so many reasons why
And there but for fortune go you, or I.

"Cops of the World" © Barricade Music ASCAP
Come get out of the way boys. Quick get out of the way.
You'd better watch what you say boys, better watch what you say.
We've rammed in your harbor. We've tied to your port.
And our pistols are hungry and our tempers are short.
So bring your daughters around to the fort
'Cause we're the cops of the world boys, we're the cops of the world.

"Santo Domingo" © Barricade Music ASCAP
The crabs are crazy, they scuttle back and forth
The sand is burning
And the fish take flight and scatter from the sight
Their course is turning
As the seagulls rest on the cold cannon nest
The sea is churning
The marines have landed on the shore of Santo Domingo.

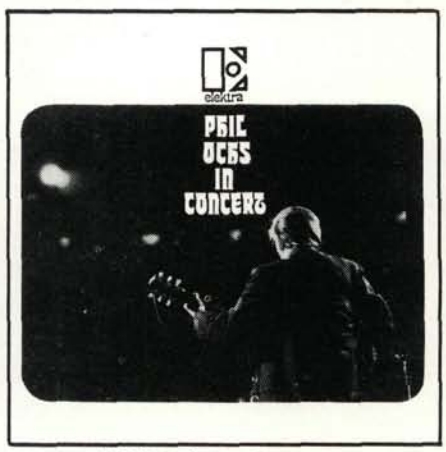
elektra

Hear these and other pungent Phil Ochs' songs on his 3 best-selling Elektra albums



"All The News That's Fit To Sing"
EKL269/EKS7269

"I Ain't Marchin' Any More"
EKL287/EKS7287



"Phil Ochs In Concert"
EKL310/EKS7310

ELEKTRA RECORDS 51 WEST 51 STREET, NEW YORK CITY 10019 7 POLAND STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND

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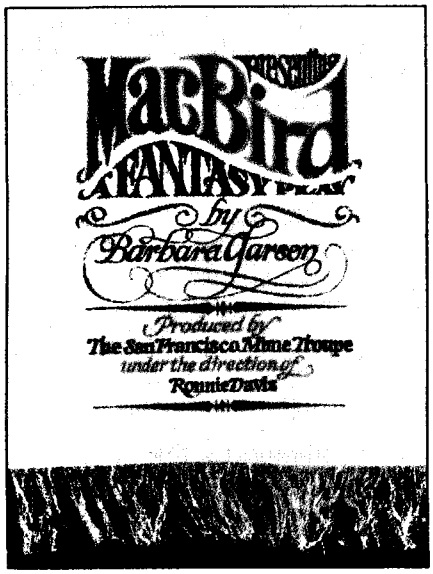

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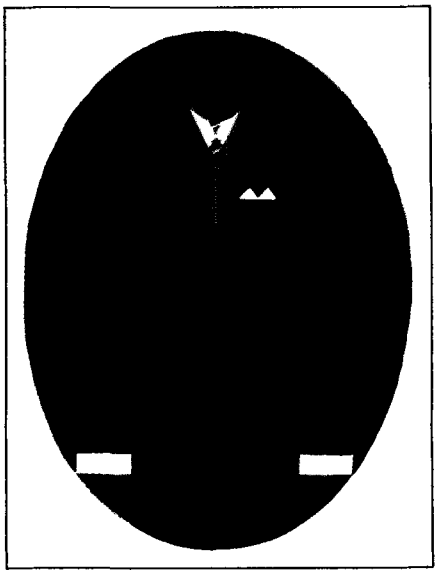

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Ramparts

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Apologia:

IN THE COURSE of one week last month, RAMPARTS was, reading from right to left, decried by the right-wing newsletter USA; cursed by Max Lerner; rebuked by James Reston; denounced by the west coast reactionary weekly The People's World; and put down by the underground paper The Berkeley Barb. We report all this because, as the late great W. C. Fields once observed, anybody hated by children and dogs can't be all bad. At least he said something like that.

From that twilight zone of creative society called the underground comes "MacBird," Barbara Garson's fantasy play about LBJ & RFK. It has become a favorite of the Ivy League cocktail party circuit and mimeographed editions are beginning to pop up all about. Parts of her script begin on page 26.

We were recently crammed into a sardine seat in what the former cattle ranchers now running airlines call a commuter jet and stole a magazine from the man next to us who was asleep. It was a trade journal called Printer's Ink and its editors were incensed that the Internal Revenue Service has been too chicken to plug a tax loophole allowing "non-profit" magazines like National Geographic and the AMA Journal to pay no taxes on their enormous advertising profits while their commercial competition struggles along like you and me. We share their dudgeon but for different reasons since both publications are propaganda organs in our book—the AMA's for you-know-what and the National Geographic for the Cold War. We pass this tax information on so you can write your congressman in case he was re-elected.

RAMPARTS has had issue. It is a newspaper called The Sunday Ramparts, which we are experimenting with as a weekly published in San Francisco, with an air edition for New York. It is not that we don't have enough to do here at 301 Broadway, but we are damn concerned about the declining number of newspapers in this country and this is fighting back. So far The Sunday Ramparts has come out every other week on Tuesdays, but if you wish to subscribe it costs $7 a year, too. Please don't send money with orders. We will bill you later as we have not yet made a final decision to keep the child alive. It is very messy to count lots of cash and we would hate to have to send it back. W.H.

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[ADVERTORIAL]

"Yes, Teddy, there [still] is a Ramparts."

WE SUPPOSE we are as nostalgic around Christmastime as anyone else, and besides, due to a somewhat alarming growth in circulation over the past year, many of you may never have had a chance to see the advertisement we ran in the December, 1965 issue. So here it is. You may have to steal a magnifying glass to read it but there you are.

"Yes, Teddy, there is a Ramparts!"

CERTAIN MOMENTS, of bittersweet necessity, must be etched in the retaining walls of history.

One such moment occurred on a bright, cold morning last December in a Capitol Hill office. There, grasping the *New York Times*, was the junior senator from Massachusetts in a state of consternation. On the *Times*' front page was the account of an interview on Vietnam with Iowa Senator Frank Church. The interview was in a magazine called Ramparts which the *Times* described as "edited for lay Catholics."

"But I'm a Catholic," said Ted Kennedy, "and I never heard of Ramparts!"

We pass on this bit of historical miscellany for what it is worth. It gave the boys in the Ramparts' counting house at Menlo Park a hearty chuckle. It also illustrates what a crazy magazine, really, this is.

Some people (like the *New York Times*) think Ramparts is a Catholic magazine. Others (like Cardinal McIntyre) think it's anti-Catholic. A lot of people think we're Communists. Trotskyites, even. And we've been called Birchers, too, of course.

Well, that's the rub.

What Ramparts *is* is the subject of rather constant conversation. We certainly *were* a Catholic magazine, once, back when we were a quarterly (1962-1964). But that was before Protestants and Jews and other types came into the pages. And onto the staff.

We suppose one could say that we're now part of the liberal press, whatever *that* is. But this would fly in the face of Ramparts' criticism of the Liberal Establishment as the essential providers of the para-missionary mentality underlying the Johnsonian consensus that, sometimes, you have to bomb people for their own good.

This all leaves us with a missing definition and a proposition:

At ridiculously attractive special Christmas rates, we will allow you to plague your friends (or, if you're a particularly perverse fellow, enemies) with the Ramparts Dilemma for the next 12 months, approximately.

You may ruin a few perfect relationships this way, but then again you may just spark *the* perfect description of Ramparts. (That is, if in return for the boon of these economical [meaning cheap] gift rates you keep this handy form by your nightstand and fill it out as soon as the telephone signals your friend(s) reaction(s).

[HANDY NIGHTSTAND FORM]

FRIENDSHIP(S) REPORT(S)*

1] My friend ☐ called ☐ wrote ☐ telegraphed ☐ walked over and said "Ramparts is a _____

_____ magazine ☐ . ☐ ! ☐ ?"

2] I never heard from my friend. Since I'm certain *nobody* can read Ramparts without reacting, violently or otherwise, you have obviously not sent out the magazine. Are you incompetent, or whatever?

**For more than one friend, or big mouth reaction, we are happy to provide longer forms, postage-free.*

Anyway, even if this doesn't solve our identity problem, it all may help make it a livelier new year for your friend(s) — with the Establishment-dissecting in Ramparts by writers as diverse as Jessica Mitford and Leslie Fiedler, Arnold Toynbee and Nat Hentoff, Nelson Algren and Rolf Hochhuth.

Use the card opposite. A gift announcement worthy of Ramparts will be sent to the designee(s) with your name hand-inscribed. If you have more than two friends, we suggest using an extra sheet of paper.

And, if somebody is properly imbued with the mood of the season, he might spring for a sub for Teddy Kennedy. He's in the Washington white pages.

A lot has happened to good old Ramparts since this advertisement first appeared. For one thing, thanks to a few generous contributors to the national interest, Teddy Kennedy now has Ramparts on his required reading list.

For another, we finally found out what we are; or to be more accurate, what others think we are. Nearly everyone, from the *New York Times* to *Publishers' Weekly*, agrees that Ramparts is consistently the most talked about, most read about, magazine in the country today. Almost every issue of the magazine has sparked a national controversy of one sort or another; from Special Forces Master Sergeant Donald Duncan's exposure of the Vietnam War as a lie, to the massive investigation of the C.I.A. brought about by our report on its collaboration with Michigan State University in setting up the Diem regime.

What with our stories on the hopeless condition of liberal politics in California, the "School for Spies" at the University of Pennsylvania, the mysterious deaths surrounding President Kennedy's assassination and others, our editorial rooms seem continually besieged by cameramen, reporters, and commentators in search of a story. (We forget whether it was Chet or David who called Ramparts "the most controversial magazine since Mencken's *American Mercury*," but anyway it was on Huntley-Brinkley's special 12-minute coverage of Ramparts.)

Of course we are still at the business of chipping away at the Johnsonian Consensus and like that, but we've added a number of new authors and editors to the ones mentioned in the above advertisement (back to the glass); writers the like of Maude Hutchins, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Jacobs, Jean Lacouture, Paul Krassner, Jakov Lind, and a startling new discovery—Eldridge Cleaver.

That about brings you up to date. Since nearly every news medium has been constantly defining us in print and on the air, we no longer have much of an identity problem. But take heart: The new year promises to be just as lively for our readers, as well as the reporters and commentators haunting our doorstep.

You wouldn't want to keep all that excitement to yourself, now would you. By just making use of the form opposite, and our ridiculously low Christmas gift rates, you can share the fun with friends, relatives, and, in the prevailing spirit of good will, you might even renew for Teddy.

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Marginalia

Opinion:

PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS

by Marcus Raskin

RAMPARTS' *Contributing Editor Marcus Raskin has been in a unique position to observe the gradual changes in U. S. foreign policy that have led to our present involvement in Vietnam.*

The editors consider Mr. Raskin's memoirs of Washington decision-making, and the editorial observations he makes on the meaning of those decisions, required reading for Americans concerned with the present drift of our policies.

THIS IS A personal memoir of the hardening of attitudes in official Washington which led the United States into a war in Asia. I first became aware of those attitudes during the early days of the Kennedy Administration, while working as a member of the Special Staff of the National Security Council. I found myself in a good position to assess changes in Vietnam policies at the White House level. As a result of differences over policy I left the government in 1963. But I continued to talk and exchange memos with many people involved in the making of national security policy.

During the first months of the new Administration I witnessed one briefing which indicated what those interested in peace would be up against. In the spring of 1961, a meeting was arranged by the President with the governors civil defense committee. It began with a briefing by a deputy director of the CIA. The level was about equal to the editorials in the New York Daily News. The substance of the briefing was on how many village chiefs were being killed in Laos and more generally in the Southeast Asian area. It was typical of so many government briefings I had attended in which only one part of a complex political situation was given. In that regard the analysis of current political history in organizations is similar to a one-man game of chess. After the briefing was finished, Governor Rockefeller made a comment which suggested the level of political sophistication in high circles about guerrilla war and revolution. He remarked, "Those dirty guys in Asia, why don't they fight fair?" At that time Vietnam was a back burner affair, and little more. The Rostow-Taylor theories of counter-insurgency were soon to put to a test the American meaning of fair fighting.

In the fall of 1961, President Kennedy sent those two estimable gentlemen to Vietnam. They reported back with a plan for rather substantial intervention. President Kennedy accepted their advice. By so doing he accepted the view that small scale military involvements would be fought for military advantages. This idea was not generally accepted by our military leaders who were against intervention unless large scale military commitments were given. "Those guys," as one of my former White House colleagues said to me, "want a signed blank check in advance to bomb Peking just because the President wants to put our finger in the dikes over in Vietnam and Thailand." There were few people around Washington in the early Kennedy days who knew where our intervention could lead us. Senator Morse had foresight of course, and there was also the wise and good gentleman Benjamin V. Cohen, the former counselor of the Department of State. But very few listened to them.

In retrospect, the evidence suggests that President Kennedy eventually recognized his mistake. In October of 1963, the White House issued a cryptic one-page statement after McNamara and Taylor returned from Vietnam. After stating that major assistance was needed only until the insurgency was suppressed, the statement went on to say, "Secretary McNamara and General Taylor reported their judgment that the major part of the U.S. military task can be completed by the end of 1965, although there may be a continuing requirement for a limited number of U.S. training personnel. They reported that by the end of this year (1963), the U.S. program for training Vietnamese should have progressed to the point where 1000 U.S. military personnel assigned to South Vietnam can be withdrawn." As Arthur Schlesinger later said, President Kennedy realized that he had made a bad judgment in Vietnam and the U.S. had to find an honorable way to extricate itself.

AFTER THE SHOCK of President Kennedy's assassination began to wear off, many people in the Administration wondered if Johnson would not also take the route of reducing international tensions and ending the intervention in Asia. I, for one, was somewhat sanguine. President Johnson proposed a strategic vehicle cutback, cut down the defense budget and arranged for a 25 per cent reduction in the production of weapons grade uranium, a step which President Kennedy had intended only *after* the 1964 elections. While Johnson was a majority leader of the Senate he had told Dulles and Eisenhower that the United States should not send American boys to die in Indochina. There seemed to be, at the beginning of the Johnson Administration, a turning inward, a desire to cope with problems at home. By shift-

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ing a billion dollars from the defense budget to the new anti-poverty program, Johnson seemed to be ushering in a new era.

However, Johnson was an untested President who had an upcoming election to face in which his probable opponent made it clear that withdrawal from Vietnam, or a negotiated settlement, would mean selling out. To speak to that political need President Johnson began speaking of Vietnam in the mock heroics of Prime Minister Churchill. The war hawks continued planning and working.

The Johnson Administration's plans for the bombing of North Vietnam were set in the early spring of 1964. What was needed, it was felt, was a showpiece execution of those plans. With this, the President could satisfy both the Republican "non-partisan" who liked "toughness" and the U.S. Air Force which wanted to bomb the North Vietnamese "back to the Stone Age." That required an event, real or manufactured, for the bombings. The Gulf of Tonkin incident provided the excuse to bomb North Vietnamese oil dumps and harbors.

"DURING THE Presidential election period in 1964 it was rumored that various feelers were put out by the North Vietnamese and that contacts had developed between various elements of the NLF and the Quat government. Various official intelligence estimates doubted the ability of the South Vietnamese government to last very long and recommended that the United States negotiate its way out of that unhappy land. The CIA, obviously with White House backing, put out such a paper in August 1964, which had the general approval of the National Board of Intelligence Estimates. That position, as the New York Times pointed out, was "widely held" in the government.

The Johnsonians did not want to consider these questions until the Presidential campaign was out of the way. Once it was and the North Vietnamese continued to make their contacts, the President, my White House contacts said, was too tired to concern himself with the Vietnamese diplomatic negotiations. In December of 1964, American forces in the field asked for direction. Reports from Vietnam were made to the Department of State in the late fall of 1964, which left the Washington insiders with the conviction that the United States was either about to "lose" South Vietnam to the rebels or was about to create a coalition government which would include the NLF. Presentation of these stark choices to the Washington bureaucracy, the White House staff, Departments of State and Defense, and finally, the President, meant that the United States would either have to get in or get out. "Getting in" meant taking over the bulk of the fighting from the South Vietnamese army and turning South Vietnam into a staging area for American military power. Where, until the fall of 1964, the United States acted primarily as advisors to the South Vietnamese, it would now have to be the other way; as the NLF predicted, the South Vietnamese would end up as advisors to the Americans.

But late in the fall of 1964, it seemed there was still hope. President Johnson won the election on a peace platform and his instincts about land wars seemed good. More important, he knew Washington where great careers are built by compounding failure. I began to send memos to various people who had access to the President. In one memorandum I said that "in Washington careers are built by men who objectify their errors of judgment and venality into 'situations' and 'problems' which then appear to require that we retain only those people who created these problems."

In a memo which I sent to an assistant secretary of State, I urged that the President sack the national security bureaucracy leaders who formulated the Vietnam policy because they were incompetent and morally primitive, end the bombings and the torture system, reconvene the Geneva Conference to negotiate out of Vietnam and start a regional development project for all of Indochina. His response was utterly wooden and rigid and typified the world view of more and more of the policy advisors who were moving up in the new Administration. I quote it in part:

> Let me only say that no American has condoned or assisted in torture at any time, or in the use of napalm

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except against what are believed to be valid military targets. *Unquestionably, the war is ugly, and Asian standards in its conduct are not always our own.* I would feel happier, however, if you addressed yourself with equal vigor to the morality of Hanoi's conduct throughout, including its assassinations and atrocities, not to mention the small point that what has been taking place for many years has clearly been a deliberate course of subversion and aggression, which would have happened if the Diem regime had been impeccable. If you dispute this, we are indeed on different wave lengths. Your whole handling of this aspect reminded me all too painfully of attitudes in Europe in the 1930's that equated every police measure by Benes against the Sudetans morally to the whole course of Hitler's conduct. Someday I shall write a piece on what might be called the "extreme liberal syndrome" and its usefulness, or otherwise, in foreign affairs.

By February 7, 1965, the United States used the Viet Cong guerrilla raid at Pleiku as its excuse to bomb North Vietnam. This was to become a common habit of the Johnson Administration in which events were used as the ostensible reason for undertaking actions that were already intended. Members of the White House staff told me that McGeorge Bundy, who was sent to South Vietnam to find a way out, "blew his cool" at Pleiku. The plans for a further escalation of the war had already been laid because South Vietnamese military morale was at low ebb and this was thought to be a way to save the sinking Saigon government. These plans were reinforced by Mr. Bundy when he saw the damage caused at Pleiku by the Viet Cong. The only military and political plan which had currency at the time was to bomb North Vietnam even though its relation to events in South Vietnam was tenuous. For Bundy and other Johnson advisors, Pleiku became the emotional rationale for carrying out the American plan to bomb the North.

In February 1965, I met with a group of 35 congressmen to discuss diplomatic opportunities for getting out of the war. The congressmen at that February meeting, conservatives and liberals alike, wanted to end the war as quickly as possible. They did not see any purpose to the American policy. Furthermore, there was a serious crisis of credibility.

One congressman, a former intelligence officer, said that the briefings given by the Department of State and Defense were "worthless." Either they lied or they were stupid. In any case, the Executive Departments could not be trusted. (Fewer and fewer congressmen came to State Department briefings because the "Department" people are not believed.)

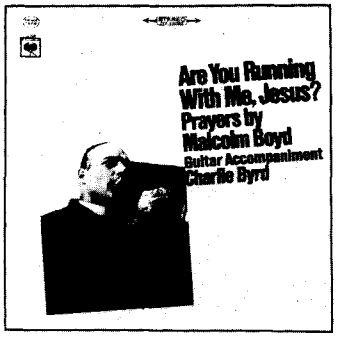
I took part in a teach-in in May 1965, with the then counselor of the Department of State, Walt Rostow, now a member of the White House staff. He talked about the pre-1919 days with admiration for the stable international system which existed then. And in a way he was right about that stability. It was a time in the history of mankind when everyone knew his place and stability was a "permanent" condition—for the master and slave. Now, he said, we were trying to come to grips with re-erecting a new stability system. "Stemming Communist aggression" in Vietnam was the way to do it.

"What Was Hiroshima Like, Jesus, When the Bomb Fell?"

The prayers of Father Malcolm Boyd are unlike any you've ever heard. They're modern prayers, for modern man. Troubled man. Alienated man. And they speak his innermost thoughts, in his own language. They're prayers about sex and the bomb. Civil rights and mankind's wrongs. Love and hate. And Auschwitz.

Guitarist Charlie Byrd's stunning original accompaniment heightens still further the dramatic intensity of each prayer on this unique LP. And the effect is devastating. As you'll hear in "What Was Hiroshima Like, Jesus, When the Bomb Fell?" "Blacks and Whites Make Me Angry, Lord," "It Takes Away My Guilt When I Blame Your Murder on the Jews, Jesus," "This Young Girl Got Pregnant, Lord, and She Isn't Married" and 18 others, equally trenchant, equally compelling.

Prayers like these don't happen often. They ought to.



The Sound of Today on COLUMBIA RECORDS

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I stated that our foreign policy emerged out of a crisis of judgment in which our leaders seemed unable to distinguish the important from the unimportant: an inevitable disease of empires. The militarization of American foreign policy where force seemed to become our principal method of handling disputes reduced itself to the method of breaking the "enemy's" will. American policy makers with unbelievable military power at their disposal thought that they had mastered the art of threat and brinkmanship. They saw their finest hour as the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, when the people of the world became their pawns in the game of nuclear chicken.

One day last year I had lunch with an eminent Administration advisor and modern day Mandarin who often writes on international affairs. He expressed the view that if we were to negotiate or withdraw or end the war in Vietnam it would be Munich all over again. For him any issue which involved front page confrontation between west and east always had elements of Munich in it if there was any possibility of settlement. His historical perspective was defined and limited to the eight-year period of 1931–1939, when the United States and the Western democracies, as the story goes, should have intervened against German aggression. The perspective of his generation in which I would also include Rusk, McNamara, Bundy, and Rostow, was set in the 1931–1939 period. They believe that Munich is *their* authentic reality. It *is* their history.

My intellectual friend was not moved or persuaded by anything except the need to stand firm and slug it out. Indeed, if that was the way the world was, so be it. We had "world responsibility," and to paraphrase President Johnson, we didn't ask to be the guardians at the gate but there we were. I said to my Mandarin friend that the United States was indiscriminately bombing villages and high density population areas. He said that was not our policy and challenged me to prove it. I averred that whether or not that was the intention, that is, in fact, what happened. He disagreed vociferously. At that time it seemed that the facts had not caught up with the truth. The truth and the facts are now remarkably clear.

WHILE VIETNAM was ravaged, ideologues of the government whom I debated said that the issue was not Vietnam but China. Were we going to stand by while China "took over" Vietnam and Southeast Asia and started wars of national liberation? Dean Rusk believed that the Chinese intended to plant the seeds of wars of national liberation, cultivate them, make them grow and then reap the harvest. Consequently, it became the job of the United States to defoliate, destroy the seeds, and ultimately rip them up by their roots. Members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff favored "having it out" with China now before they became too powerful in terms of nuclear weapons. They drew Rusk's logic to its military conclusion.

Fitting Chinese actions into the American ideological box was a hard thing to do. After all, there were no Chinese troops in any part of Vietnam. It was the United States that bombed near Chinese borders and Chinese fishing vessels. Statements about Chinese interest in conquering the world made by various responsible officials were justified by misreading the Lin Piao statement. It became my opinion that the American diplomatic and military objective in Vietnam was the military and diplomatic interdiction of China. Government policy makers talked about Chinese intentions as a rationalization for what *they* wanted to do. At first China was out to conquer the world and they had to be "stopped" at all costs. Then the line changed. China was weak and would not respond to American bombing of North Vietnam. Consequently, we could do what we wanted to on China's borders.

One could never be sure at what point American policy would by its own actions bring about the type of Chinese expansion in Southeast Asia that the United States feared. American policy makers would be acquitted in their judgment to expand and intensify their war in Asia if the Chinese entered Southeast Asia. What could be a better answer from Dean Rusk to Senator Fulbright than pointing to Chinese military intervention? That indeed would be personal vindication. We would have found an objective equal to our commitment.

We have become the New Imperialists and it is a heady thing. Ironically there is a crackpot idealist strain to our foreign policy. President Johnson, Humphrey, McNamara, Rusk, et al., now argue that those who are opposed to fighting in Vietnam are racists. They say that all men are brothers whatever their color and we must help them either with napalm or roads. We believe in power, technique, righteousness and fear as our tools. If only we could be judged by our intentions and not by our behavior everything would be just fine. If only "they" would let us use our "wheels and gears" for them. Unfortunately, it is the oppressed who judge the oppressor. Not the other way.

The world knows that we can destroy Vietnam and China, but they also see that the stench is in our land and the souls which need redeeming are our own.

OF FISH AND FISHERMEN

by Howard Zinn

THERE IS AN eerie ten minute motion picture called "The Fisherman," in which a happy American wrangler hauls sleek, fat, leaping fish out of the ocean and piles them lifeless on the beach, meanwhile devouring candy bars from his lunchbox. He finally runs out of food. Restless, unhappy, he sees a paper sack nearby with a sandwich in it, bites into the sandwich, and is hooked. He digs his feet frantically into the sand, but he is dragged, twisting and struggling at the end of a line, into the sea. The effect on the viewer is a sudden reversal of perspective, both horrifying and healthful, in which, for the first time, he sees himself, the Fisherman, from

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the standpoint of the Fish.

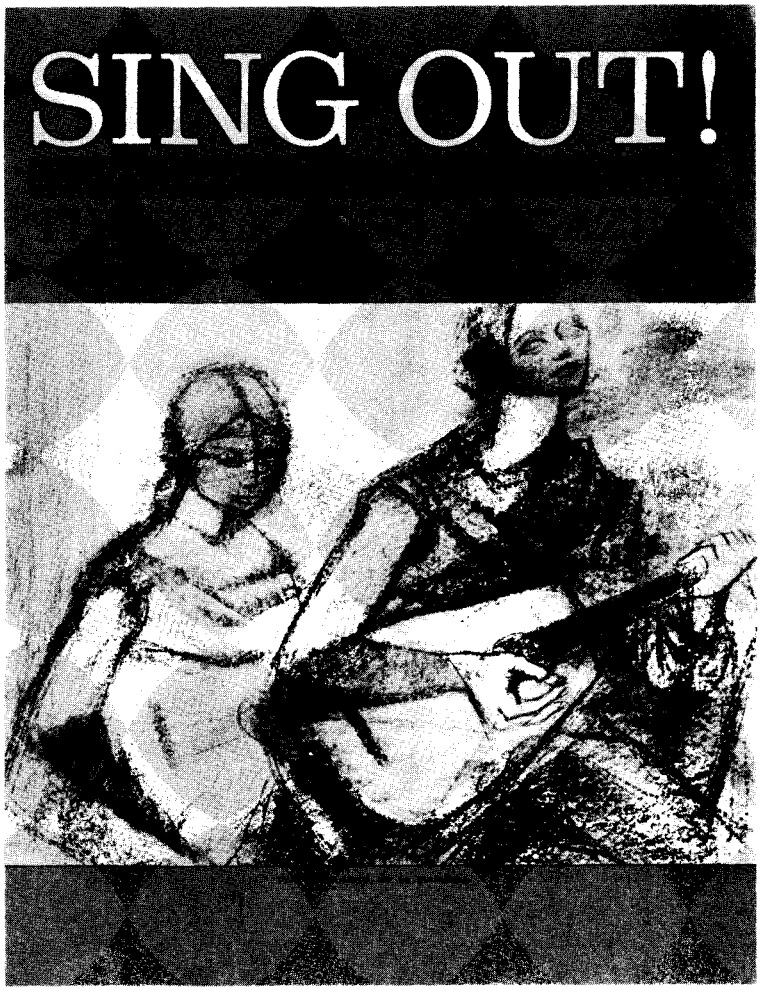
Something like that happens when you spend time in Japan talking to the Japanese about American policy in Vietnam. The brutality of the war we are waging, no matter how sharply we feel it on occasion, has the quality of fiction as it appears on television screens or in news columns. Always at hand to "explain" the bombing of villages, the death toll of civilians, the crushing of Buddhist dissidents, are earnest "liberals" (Humphrey and Goldberg), "realistic" experts (Rostow), genial spokesmen for the Administration (Rusk and McNamara). We listen with the languor of a people who have never been bombed, who have only been the bombardiers. So even our flickers of protest somehow end up muted and polite.

The Japanese have had a more intimate association with death, both as killers and as victims. We in America still cling to the romance of war that is not really war, but Terry and the Pirates, Defending the Free World, or LBJ in a Green Beret. For the Japanese, the recollection of themselves as Kamikaze pilots, and then the turnabout—Hiroshima and Nagasaki, wore off all the sheen. Out of their experience, the Japanese want desperately to speak to us.

In Tokyo, rain cascading down outside, the auditorium at Meiji University filled, popular novelist Kaiko Ken told about his four months of note-taking on the front lines in Vietnam, much of the time spent with American soldiers. Kaiko who is 36 wore a sporty tan suit with open shirt collar, and tan suede shoes. "It used to be said in Vietnam that it is disastrous to be born a man, for you are drafted and killed; it is better to be a woman. But in South Vietnam today, a woman has a child at each side and one in her belly, and still must flee the American bombs." He had seen it himself, he said, that the Americans could not distinguish the Viet Cong from the air—no matter what the official assurances were—so they simply killed whomever they could find in the target area.

If this talk had been given in the United States, in any large gathering of students, one or more would have risen at some point in the discussion to challenge Kaiko's accusation—either to deny it, or to explain why the bombings were needed. In Japan, it is hard to find any defenders of American policy.

It was Kaiko, not a very political person, who last year collected money throughout Japan for a full-page ad which appeared in the New York Times as a plea to Americans: "The Japanese learned a bitter lesson from 15 years of fighting on the Chinese mainland: weapons alone are of no avail in winning the minds and allegiance of any people...America's conduct of the war



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in Vietnam is alienating the sympathy of the Japanese." Corroboration of this last statement came from a journalist of long experience with a leading conservative newspaper in Japan, who said to me: "The polls show 80 per cent of the Japanese opposed to U.S. policy in Vietnam. Emotionally, it is closer to 100 per cent."

This was confirmed again and again as we talked with Japanese students and professors in 14 different universities along the 1500 mile journey from Hokkaido to Okinawa. In Kyoto, a pediatrician spoke up from the audience. (Our interpreter—a poet and former Fulbright scholar in America—explained who the speaker was: "Dr. Matsuda's books on child care have sold in the millions; he is known as the Benjamin Spock of Japan.") Matsuda said: "What the United States does not understand is that communism is *one* of the effective ways in which underdeveloped countries become organized. Its reaction to this phenomenon in the world is neurotic." Matsuda, a vigorous man in his fifties, added: "Perhaps it needs . . ." Our interpreter hesitated at this point, and then translated the ending as ". . . a laxative." Then he corrected himself: ". . . a sedative."

AT THAT MEETING IN KYOTO, a mountain-rimmed city of temples and pagodas, over a thousand people—students, faculty, town residents—came to talk about Vietnam. A 92-year-old man, dean of the Buddhist priests in this holy city, spoke: "The American concept of freedom violates the principles of self-determination. It is the kind of liberalism that expresses only the purpose of the American state." And a Zen Buddhist, head shaven, in black robes and white scarf, said, "There is a major law in Buddhism – not to kill. Mass killing should not go on; that is the simple slogan that binds Japanese Buddhists with Buddhists in North and South Vietnam. And this should be brought to America."

It was in Kyoto that a young professor of astronomy spoke, with great feeling: "As a child, I was machine-gunned by an American plane. And at that moment there came a shock of realization that it was a human being who pulled the trigger. I wanted so much to have been able to say to him, 'Please don't pull the trigger!' It seems that now, once again, we must say this to the machine-gunners of the world. Please—don't pull the trigger!"

You find many men in Japanese universities who spent time in jail for opposing Japanese aggression in the '30s. At Nagoya—sprawling, smoky, the Detroit of Japan—we were met by Professor Shinmura, who in 1936-37 put out a humanist magazine called Sekai Bunka (World Culture) until he was seized by the police. Shinmura, quiet, gray-haired with a slight stoop, is a specialist in French literature, and after release from prison made a living by anonymously translating the writings of Rolland, Diderot and others. I asked: how many members of his faculty supported American policy in Vietnam. There were 600 on the faculty, including graduate assistants. No one knew of any who supported American policy.

To the Japanese we met, America was so clearly in the wrong, that it was incomprehensible to them why anyone believed Johnson and his cabinet members. "No country should be permitted —as the U.S. is doing—to smuggle counter-revolution to another country," a professor of literature at Hosei University in Tokyo said.

AFTER A FOUR HOUR discussion session at Tohoku University in Sendai, a quiet town in northern Honshu, I was met by 50 students waiting eagerly to continue the discussion. We trooped off to the park. There in the cool darkness of Sendai, I wondered why 50 Japanese kids would stay out after midnight to discuss the war in Vietnam, when Japan was only a minor accessory to American action. When the U.S. was helping the French crush the Algerian revolt, did any group of American students ever gather in the park at midnight to brood over this? Did a thousand ever meet to protest it? By the end of our trip I thought I had found the answer. It lay in the Japanese people's piercing consciousness of their own recent history. Again and again, at virtually every meeting, there arose the accusation, directed at the Japanese past and the American present: "You are behaving in Asia as we once did."

There is widespread and vocal recognition of Japan's own sins, from the Manchurian invasion of 1931 to Pearl Harbor. Japanese scholars have done much research on those years, and they see in American actions in Vietnam many of the same characteristics displayed by Japan in the '30s. Unlike the Nazis, the Japanese did not abruptly replace parliamentary democracy with authoritarian dictatorship. Rather, there was an almost imperceptible growth of the power of the military within an outwardly parliamentary system. When the Japanese took Manchuria in 1931, then attacked China proper in 1937, and moved into Southeast Asia in 1940, they did not crassly declaim of world conquest like Hitler, but spoke of a "co-prosperity sphere" which they were creating in Asia for the benefit of all.

I asked one of Japan's most distinguished scholars about this analogy. This was Professor Manuyama of Tokyo University, a political scientist and prolific author, who five years ago was a visiting professor at Harvard. "There are many differences," Maruyama said, "but one crucial element is quite the same: the apologies and justification created by both governments for what is basically an attempt by a strong nation to establish a base of power inside a weaker one. Both Japan and the U.S. had difficulties and made excuses. The U.S. blames its difficulties in winning the Vietnamese war on China and North Vietnam. Japan attributed her failures not to the stubborn resistance of the Chinese, but to the aid of Great Britain and the United States. Japan declared that its aim was to emancipate the people of Southeast Asia and to bring them economic development. Just as the U.S. speaks now about economic and social reform while it carries on an essentially military action in Vietnam."

American commentators have a habit of dismissing Japanese criticism of our foreign policy as the work of communists, or—more vaguely—"leftists." This is comforting at first, but not after one reflects that most public opinion in the world, even in countries allied to us, is to the left of ours. We have become since that period when Europe's monarchs feared we would spread the doctrine of revolution everywhere, a conservative nation. Even our "liberals" are conservative by global standards. Professor Maruyama said:

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"I am a liberal, not a radical. So I am concerned with what liberals in the States are doing. And I am very disappointed."

Our companions and interpreters in Japan were young intellectuals—two journalists, three novelists, a film producer, a poet, a philosopher—who last year decided to cross the maze of radical party lines in Japan and form a group (called *Beheiren*) dedicated to ending the war in Vietnam. Their chairman, Oda Makoto (family name first), is a wry 34-year-old novelist who refuses to wear a tie no matter how formal the occasion. Oda started our meeting with students at Hokkaido University as follows: "You know, I got the idea for this tour of conscience while in the toilet. (Laughter.) This is not strange. The peace movement starts like that, from the most common behavior of human life, from the elemental."

Oda, like most Japanese intellectuals, is critical of Communist China, but with no more heat than he is critical of Japan or America. He sees it as a new society, with the spit and fire that other new nations show, but not as a threat to the rest of Asia. It shows no signs of wanting to gobble up Southeast Asia; it maintains pacific relations with Burma, which is defenseless along a very long border—and with Cambodia. And, in contrast to the United States, China does not have a single soldier stationed outside its borders. Japanese intellectuals do not doubt that, in view of China's behavior, the U.S. is acting hysterically, and that people in Vietnam are dying unnecessarily because of it.

"The United States keeps saying its aim is a free and prosperous Asia, but the Asians themselves, including the Vietnamese, are far from ardent about this war, and the only countries giving substantial aid to the American military effort (Korea and Thailand) are those which are economically dependent on the U.S. under its military occupation, and controlled by elites which can ignore popular desire. Japan is also a station for American troops (under the much-resented Security Treaty of 1960) and its former territory, Okinawa, has been taken away by the U.S. and converted into one of the most powerful military bases in the world. ("Please inform your fellow Americans," a Tokyo University student sociologist said, "that the majority of Japanese do not think these military bases protect Japan's security—in fact they feel endangered by them.") Nevertheless, the government of Premier Sato, while nodding and bowing to the U.S. Department of State, keeps a wary eye on the Japanese public, knowing their feelings.

Our envoy to Japan, Edwin Reischauer, an astute scholar of Asian affairs before his appointment, now lives in a comfortable bubble of his own in the Embassy, quietly ignoring Japanese disapproval of his country's actions. My last hour in Tokyo was spent in rapid-fire dialogue with him, trying to pentrate that bubble. But, except for Reischauer's personal charm, it was like listening to an LBJ press conference, or a McNamara briefing.

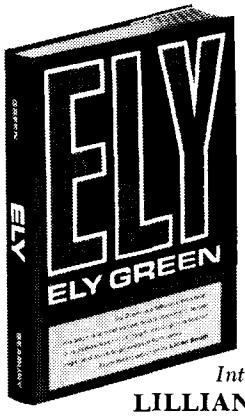
Reischauer thought differently in 1954 when, as a Harvard expert on Japan, he wrote: *Wanted: An Asian Policy*. In it, he described the French suppression of the Viet Minh, with American aid, as "a sobering example of the weakness of defending the status quo." He found the main reason for the effectiveness of the Communists "in the realm of ideas" and because they "carried out much needed land reform for the peasants." He wishes the U.S. "had the foresight and the courage in the early postwar years to persuade the French to extricate themselves soon enough from their untenable position in Indochina." And he said a policy based largely on stopping communism was "a dangerous oversimplification of our Asian problem." In his book, he accused American policy-makers of "frenzied emotionalism" and "dangerous inflexibility." But now he is the ambassador.

Japan is an embarrassment, because it was under our post-war tutelage that she put into her 1947 Constitution the statement: ". . . never again shall we be visited with the horrors of war through the action of government." And Article 9 contains a silent reproach to what the United States is doing in Vietnam: ". . . the Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation and the threat or use of force as a means of settling international disputes." It is the old human story, the little boy nurtured by his family on the Biblical exhortation Thou Shalt Not Kill, watching his father return, gun still smoking, from a mission of murder.

The Japanese are trying to speak to us, but we will not listen. They have been both Fish and Fisherman, in a short space of time. We in the United States have never had to struggle at the end of the hook—and lose. We have no Hiroshima, no city of the blind and maimed, no professors still haggard from long terms in jail. And while, on a number of occasions, we have been the Fisherman, we have never been forced, as the Japanese have, to recognize our deeds, to bow, to apologize, to promise a life of peace. We have, in other words, never been caught.

Mr. Zinn, who is presently with the Political Science Department of Boston University, is the author of SNCC, The New Abolitionists *and the* Southern Mystique.

"Strange... Frightening... beautiful..."



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Letters:

GOLLY GEE, WHAT A STRANGE MAGAZINE

SIRS:

Somehow the literary talent of your magazine continually improves while the two very important factors of content and interpretation decline.

The length and bleakness of the major October article was not compensated for by alternate photos of *Disneyland*. I have always enjoyed a good piece of satire but your constant scathing of Mr. Ronald Reagan becomes boring to one who is divorced from the niceties of California politics.

RICHARD C. WESELL
Stevens Point, Wisconsin

SIRS:

I would like to commend you on the October 1966 issue of RAMPARTS which I consider one of the finest single issues I have ever seen of any magazine. There was little there to make me feel good, except that I was able to see well-written material hitting home. No other publication has proven as perceptive or honest about California politics.

CHARLES M. WEISENBERG
Van Nuys, California

SIRS:

I rise to commend you for the superb editorial roundup "Golly gee, California is a Strange State!" I have followed politics closely from the grassroots precinct worker and club member long before the rise of the CDC. Your estimate of the Casady debacle rings true. Despite its checkered career and shifting fortunes, the CDC is the only political vehicle for many independent, intelligent, thinking citizens.

The political pros' constant harping on the "lack of discipline" in the ranks of the CDC was so much hogwash and cover for the fact that the CDC wouldn't swallow the crud the Unruh forces doled out.

LESLIE BAIRD
Goleta, California

SIRS:

As a zealous, Stevenson type, moderate-liberal, I read your magazine defensively, as I would a rightist publication. I often find inconsistency and an "I alone am right" attitude. Moreover, I sometimes doubt your objectivity. Nonetheless I continue to read RAMPARTS. You are, at least, alive.

DAVID P. COGAN
Central Missouri State College
St. Louis, Missouri

SIRS:

Golly gee, RAMPARTS is a strange magazine.

After having read it for a year, I am becoming of the opinion that it is secretly subsidized by the John Birch Society to make liberal-minded people in this country sound like idiots.

I know you are probably not interested in my opinion inasmuch as I am not a reformed Communist, F.B.I. informer, jailbird, Catholic rebel, poet or critic of everything. But I do have a few questions.

For instance: Alan Cranston (and I don't really know anything about California politics except what I read in RAMPARTS—so I don't know anything about California politics) is snubbed because "in America today, liberalism has come to stand for the basically 'adaptable' position" he sets forth. Si Casady, on the other hand, sticks to "principles." Okay, so Cranston is the bad guy for chucking originally-stated principles and Casady is the good guy for sticking with what he said he'd do.

However, in the same issue, one of your correspondents praises the "black power" militants for using the same methods as Cranston's—adaptability. While non-violence was still the "word" in civil rights, I didn't hear RAMPARTS call for "black power." Now that non-violence has been chucked, there is good old "adaptable" RAMPARTS right there in the cheering section. Which is not to say that RAMPARTS or "black power" is wrong, but you can't criticize "liberalism" in this country for doing things that you yourself do.

I suppose if you're picky enough—and you are—you can say there are differences in the respective situations. Further, you'd be correct. But because there are always differences in respective situations, one cannot with any safety make blanket statements as is your wont.

It seems to me that your current policy—i.e., egging on civil rights disturbances before an election (which will hurt liberal candidates), showing the bankruptcy of the Democratic party in terms of lying about Ronnie Reagan's record while leaving him largely untouched and espousing your many opinions as facts—indicates that you are already the left-wing's version of the National Review.

STUART D. BYOFSKY
Brooklyn, New York

LENNY

SIRS:

Your "Obituaries on Lenny Bruce" [RAMPARTS, October 1966] was a real masterpiece. It was another good look at the American press, the American people and last but not least, American justice.

Lenny would have loved it! Thanks!

CECIL L. FARINE
Oakland, California

SIRS:

Your "do" i.e. Lenny was interesting if not masterful. Lenny was a good boy in the sense of Rivington St. and De Kalb Ave., but the problem was that he was one of thousands. He would not be considered "top drawer" among the Jollity building Boys along Broadway and I suspect this was the key to his downfall, a victim of frustration.

But, Lenny had the potential for greatness, and with proper polishing and *savoir faire*-ing, he just might have made it upstairs. Lenny had a tremendous appeal for the Yokel or Bumpkin and I have a feeling he listened to their adulations, a certain kiss of death.

The same is true for RAMPARTS. It's a beautiful slickly slick, unparalleled art work, but with country rosy cheeks.

My *schtick* is that RAMPS has the same potential as Lenny. No touch of that definable thing called "class."

H. WILLIAM WAY
San Francisco, California

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Flyboys of the CIA

by David Welsh

SOMETIME TODAY, weather permitting, a U.S. B-26 bomber will take off from an airstrip in the Portuguese African colony of Angola. Its mission is to destroy concentrations of black guerrillas in the Angolan bush. It is not always easy for the pilot to distinguish a guerrilla fighter from other black persons, but then this is a common problem in this type of war, and even in cases of mistaken identity the bombing seems to have a useful deterrent effect. Before nightfall, the U.S.-trained pilot will fly back to the airstrip, leaving his twin-engined machine in the care of a U.S.-trained mechanic.

There's a war on in Angola. Since March 1961, when contract laborers earning 30 cents a day revolted against Portuguese plantation owners, touching off a planned anti-colonial rebellion, there's been a war on. In reprisal the Portuguese launched a reign of terror. Africans were executed *en masse*. Entire villages were moved into areas under white control; otherwise they were bombed. The larger towns became armed encampments. Portuguese troops patrolled the streets with submachine guns, shooting Africans with or without provocation. More than 500,000 refugees, most of them diseased, starving or wounded after months of running and hiding in the forest, crossed the border into the Congo.

When Moise Tshombe took power in the Congo, the Angolan rebel movement went into temporary eclipse. The pro-European Tshombe was reluctant to permit sanctuary for attacks on his covert allies, the Portuguese. Despite him, guerrilla patrols continued to make forays into their Portuguese occupied homeland. And today, with the Congolese government of Joseph Mobotu allowing them greater freedom of movement, the Angolan revolutionaries expect to get their second wind.

Since the Angolan uprising, Africans have launched liberation movements in other Portuguese colonies: Mozambique, Cabinda and Portuguese Guinea (where nationalists control half the territory, operating their own schools and civil administration). All of them make the same absolute demand: Independence and Now. But the lessons of Kenya and Algeria have been lost on the Portuguese. Maintaining more than 80,000 troops in Africa—50,000 in Mozambique alone—in addition to civil militia and police, they are determined to remain. Their military alliance with the United States and the other NATO powers can only bolster their determination. Certainly, NATO military aid has been a major factor in Portugal's success in containing the insurgents of Angola. The large quantity of NATO weapons captured by the rebels, the napalm bomb casings marked "Property of the United States Army" found in the devastated mud-and-stick villages (and shown to western correspondents at the border) attest to that. And many of the Portuguese officers leading the reprisals are graduates of counter-guerrilla warfare schools operated by the U.S. Special Forces.

Which brings us back to the B-26 bombers, and how they got to Angola with their American-trained pilots and mechanics. It is a long story, about America's legendary anti-colonialism, and about a bizarre smuggling trial held, of all places, in Buffalo, New York. It is also about that old canard that if there's a plot afoot, the Central Intelligence Agency has got to be mixed up in it. Well, this time, like last time, it appears it was.

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[A "BLACK" OPERATION]

THE DOUGLAS B-26 invader, star bomber of the Second World War, seems to be the pride of the CIA. B-26s were the principal "air cover" that was to have assured the success of the CIA-sponsored invasion of Cuba at the Bay of Pigs—until President Kennedy called them off. Eight of the aircraft saw action anyway in support of the *gusanos*. Three years later anti-Castro Cubans again climbed into the cockpits of the CIA's favorite freedom bombers, this time in the ex-Belgian Congo, to help white mercenary footsoldiers quash a guerrilla revolt which threatened to sweep the country. The intervention of the CIA-Rhodesia-South Africa axis, with overt Belgian and American support, assured the defeat of the rebels and the survival, for a time, of the Tshombe government.

A French economist, recently returned from three months in the Congo, told Ramparts the B-26s and their white Cuban pilots are still there, "maintaining order" with the rest of the U.S. garrison. He saw the airplanes and went drinking with the pilots. The Cubans openly admit having been recruited by the CIA in Miami, with the promise of immediate United States citizenship in return for six months' fighting in the Congo. They swagger around Stanleyville and Leopoldville with United States .45 automatics strapped to their hips, and fraternize with visiting American cowboys.

That the CIA supplied the planes, pilots and mechanics, and directed the employment of B-26s in Cuba and the Congo has been reported so often that even the New York Times prints it as fact.

But what about the other theatres where the U.S. is not even quasi-officially at war, where American planes mysteriously turn up in the service of some junta with a civil war on its hands? What about the B-26s that flew in Vietnam, in the days when we were supplying "military advisors" to the Diem government, or those that are flying today in Laos, Thailand, Latin America and Portuguese Africa? Did the "CIA Air Corps" provide them, too? Was it the CIA that arranged to take them out of mothballs, recondition them, reinforce the wings to prevent them from snapping off, test the armor-plate and bomb bays, fit six or eight machine guns in the wing pods and more in the noses, install new bomb sights, radios and long-range fuel tanks? Was it the CIA that arranged to have them ferried to overseas points for use against assorted national liberation movements? If not, who did?

It has long been thought that Air America, a private company, is a front for CIA aircraft supply and maintenance operations in Asia, and that another private airline, Bird & Sons, was operating in Asia in cooperation

with the State Department and the Laotian government. Hard evidence of the CIA's "flying war stores" in Asia, however, has been lacking. But this fall, the public was let in on the African operation. "Yes," said John Richard Hawke, an Englishman, as he stood trial for munitions smuggling in Federal Court at Buffalo, "I flew B-26 bombers to Portugal for use in their African colonies, and the operation was arranged through the State Department and the CIA."

[WAR TOYS]

ONE GETS the feeling that the CIA is a playpen for perpetual adolescents. That its agents, employees and hangers-on are playing with other people's lives and other people's freedom, in the service of American and foreign empire-builders, is perhaps incidental. For this crew, the play's the thing—that and the pay of course, and a slightly misplaced sense of patriotism. These initial impressions were confirmed during the trial at Buffalo.

It was a light-hearted trial, spiced with spooky disclosures and the hilarious circumlocutions of the CIA's top lawyer. The tone was set by Edwin Marger, an impish Miami Beach attorney and counsel for pilot Hawke. Marger is a courtroom genius, a jury-charmer and goat-getter of hostile witnesses. Every government witness he turned to his client's profit, methodically building his case. Recesses he spent animating the fine points for a clutch of eager law students from the University of Buffalo.

Practically all the principals in the trial, except the

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judge, are fliers. Hawke, a bearded, moustachioed, 29-year-old veteran of eight years in the RAF, has done acrobatic stunt flying. Once, during one of his B-26 flights, he noticed that one of his wheels was locked as he was preparing to land; he went into a slight bank and brought her in, miraculously, on the one remaining working wheel.

Accused of arranging the bomber deal with agents of Portugal was a debonair French count by the name of Henri Marie François de Marin de Montmarin, an aircraft broker who won the *Légion d'Honneur* as a Free French fighter pilot in World War II. The three others named in the original indictment are pilots too. Gregory Board, the dashing, sometimes CIA associate alleged to have masterminded the operation, mysteriously skipped off to Jamaica under the nose of Treasury agents who were following him. Charges were dropped against Keat Griggers, the California mechanic who gave B-26 training under a CIA-arranged contract to Portuguese pilots and mechanics, and Woodrow Wilson Roderick, a Canadian businessman accused of being a middleman.

Among the other fliers present in court were Attorney Marger, a good proportion of the witnesses, U.S. Attorney Curtin and Gerald Long, the young State Department lawyer who advised Curtin on the delicate CIA aspects of the case. Weekends everyone seemed to be rushing to the Buffalo airport to fly off in their planes, although their destinations did not appear to have an overweening importance. The judge even let Hawke ferry an airplane to Paris and back one weekend during the trial.

Hawke and de Montmarin were charged with violating the Munitions Control Act by smuggling B-26s out of the country without an export license. They were arrested by T-men in Miami in September 1965. The question immediately came to mind: If this was a CIA-approved caper (and there can be no doubt that it was, notwithstanding the holy denials of the Administration), then why was the government prosecuting its own agents?

The answer lies deep in the deceit of United States foreign policy, in our desire to set up and maintain "stable," right-wing governments in the underdeveloped world while at the same time proclaiming our belief in the self-determination of peoples. To be caught assisting Portugal, the most neanderthal of all colonial powers, in the prosecution of an imperial war would be bad for the image—and bad for investments. Moreover, it would have been most embarrassing to be caught in another lie at the United Nations. The accused pair were small fry, at most a delivery boy and a shipping agent doing a job. But if their trial did nothing else, it left the indelible impression that moralistic John Foster Dulles and his sinister brother Allen, architects of our Jekyll and Hyde foreign policy, are still very much with us.

WHEN THE U.N. SECURITY COUNCIL convened for its fall 1965 session, Soviet delegate Fedorenko repeated a charge he had made before: that the U.S. was supplying Portugal with planes to suppress the black rebellion in Angola and Mozambique. Ambassador Goldberg immediately denied it, citing a long-standing U.S. policy forbidding supply of armaments to Portugal, from public or private U.S. sources, "without specific assurances that they will not be used in the overseas territories."

Hungarian delegate Szilagyi was more specific than his Soviet colleague. He charged that in addition to a host of NATO armaments, seven B-26 bombers had been secretly delivered to Portugal for use in Africa, "on instructions from the competent United States authorities." Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, a U.S. delegate, conceded that the seven aircraft had in fact been delivered to Portugal, but "by

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private persons . . . without the United States authorities having the slightest knowledge of the operation." She added that the culprits (Hawke & Co.) had been indicted and would be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Jaded U.N. delegates tittered sardonically at her rejoinder. They remembered Eisenhower's story about the U-2 in 1960, Stevenson's fabrication about the Bay of Pigs, and the more contemporary lies in which a simple majority of U.N. delegates believe the Johnson Administration has been caught—about Viet Cong "supply trails" in Cambodia, for example, or about Communist overtures for negotiation of the Vietnam war. Some day when the United States *does* tell the truth about an international embarrassment, no one is going to believe us.

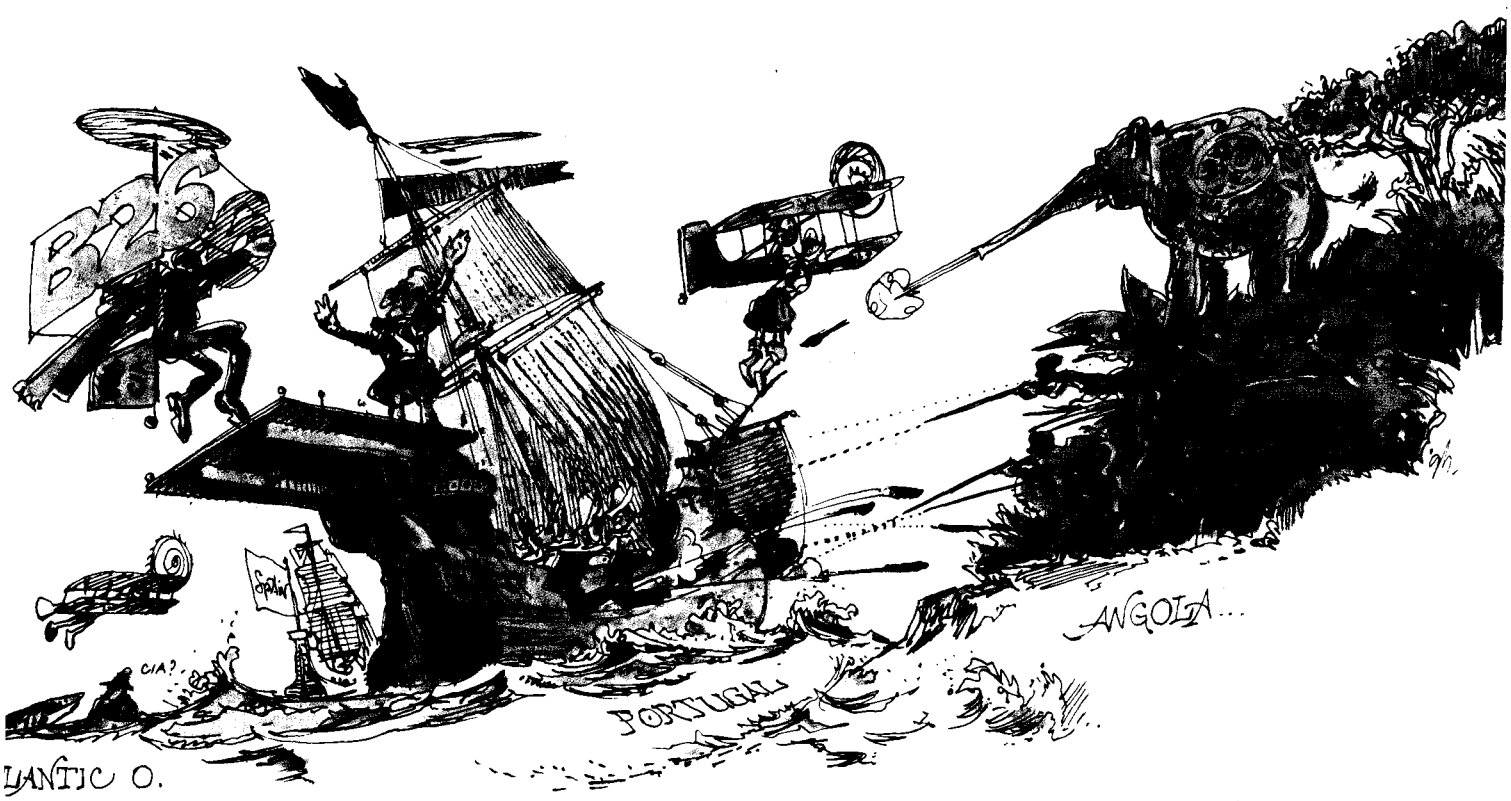
[ERROLL FLYNNS IN PILOT SUITS]

HAWKE WAS STILL in the RAF when he met Gregory Board in 1963, along with another adventurous gentleman named Martin Caidin, a friend of Board's. Hawke and Board were flying in a war film, "633 Squadron," and Caidin was on location in England checking the authenticity. Caidin, a pilot and self-made expert on space research, is the author of 59 books, 12 of which are used as textbooks by the U.S. military. His *Countdown for Tomorrow*, for example, is required reading at the War College.

Caidin is a roundish ball of energy in a pinstripe suit and G-15 pilot's shades, snappy with repartee, and the kind of guy who opens an interview with the comment, "Let me say right off the bat; I'm a sonofabitch." He also identifies himself as a proud member of the "ABCDEF-GHI-Club—the American Boys' Club Defending Erroll Flynn's Good Habits, Inc.—And that's the only organization I belong to." (Gregory Board, tall and lean with a bushy moustache, closely resembles the late movie actor. Count de Montmarin used to attend parties with the real Erroll Flynn in the south of France and north Africa, and Attorney Marger belonged to the same cock-fighting club with Flynn in Batista's Cuba.)

Caidin, whose judgment of a man tends to hinge on how good a pilot he is, took to Hawke like Batman to Robin. They had barely met when he hired Hawke to ferry his Messerschmidt back to the States. The young Britisher had expressed an interest in emigrating to America, and Caidin agreed to sponsor him.

Caidin testified that in February of 1965, he flew into Tucson, Arizona to see Gregory Board. Board told him he had met several times with the chief of the Portuguese secret police to arrange for the sale of B-26 bombers. The planes could not be sold legally but the Portuguese were seeking the necessary consent of the State Department and the CIA. This involved "negotiations on the highest level of government" between Portugal and the United States; Salazar himself had to okay the transaction. Board told Caidin he wanted the airplanes to attract "the least amount of public attention." For that reason the planes "would be flown openly, going through customs and filing flight plans." U.S. Air Force installations would be avail-



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able to assist the B-26 pilots. "This would be a sort of 'black operation,' with the government looking the other way," said Caidin. "You just don't fly this type of airplane out of the country without the complete cooperation of various government agencies . . ."

"Greg was very excited about this," Caidin said, "because if the deal went through with the B-26s, he could handle the sale of jet fighters to the Portuguese. He felt this opened the door to a multi-million dollar account later, where in regard to jet fighters he would act as a representative of the U.S. government."

On Caidin's recommendation Board engaged Hawke to pilot the B-26s. Hawke was a bit strapped for cash at the time, and besides, he loved to fly, anytime, anywhere. Board explained the operation and the tight security requirements, assuring him, however, that it was all "quite legitimate and proper." Hawke was to ferry 20 B-26 bombers to Portugal. For each flight he would receive $3000, out of which he had to pay all expenses, including fuel, repairs and commercial air tickets back to America. (On the seven flights he completed before his arrest, Hawke averaged $700 each after expenses.)

In May, Hawke and Board flew to Tucson, home of two companies engaged in international aircraft supply—Aero Associates, operated by Board, and Hamilton Aircraft, the property of a corpulent giant in baggy pants named Gordon B. Hamilton. Aero, using a $694,000 letter of credit drawn on a Swiss bank, contracted to pay $450,000 to Hamilton for supplying and reconditioning the 20 planes. Most payments were in cash. "I've had dealings with Board for seven years," said Hamilton, "and he likes to deal in cash." In addition, various European intermediaries expected to clear $700,000 total profit on the venture.

It was understood by all concerned that this, like similar operations that had gone before it, was a CIA caper.

Even Lawrence Houston, the CIA general counsel who denied the agency's involvement in the affair, testified that the CIA "knew about" the bomber shipments from a Lisbon source as early as May 25, 1965—five days before they began—and informed the State Department, Customs and 11 other concerned agencies of the fact. Houston also said that on July 7, 1965, the CIA was "informed" that four B-26s had been delivered to Portugal for use in the African colonies; again the CIA disseminated the report to State and other agencies. One wonders how, if 13 government agencies knew about the illegal operation in advance, with a confirmatory report six weeks later, *seven* bombers could have been "smuggled" out of the country without the required export license.

Attorney Marger, contending that the operation had the CIA's blessing from the beginning, was unimpressed with Houston's disclaimer. He asked the witness, "As a member of the CIA, if you were instructed by your superiors to tell other than the truth, would you do it?" Houston, a bespectacled, balding man whose dignified bearing and clipped accent ill-concealed his nervousness, was not permitted to reply. "This case involves matters of highest concern in the preservation of national security," said Federal Judge John Henderson. "Any question calculated to improperly discredit the United States and its representatives will be disallowed." The hand of the U.S. government is everywhere in this affair, and the network of private individuals and companies through which it operated, described here in but a fraction of its complexity, is nothing more than elaborate camouflage.

[WORLD WAR III FOR SALE—CASH ONLY, PLEASE]

HAMILTON'S ARIZONA HANGAR faces directly on the road. Anyone driving by could see more than a hundred B-26s with their armor plate, bomb bays and gun ports. "The largest collection of 26s in the world," claimed Hamilton, a licensed munitions exporter who does over 30 per cent of his business overseas. Three miles away is the U.S. Customs office for Tucson International Airport. Hamilton testified that throughout the period he was preparing the surplus bombers for overseas shipment, customs men, the FBI and representatives of the Federal Aviation Agency paid repeated visits to his hangar to check the progress. Yet none of these agencies did anything to prevent John Hawke from leaving the country in his seven flying fortresses.

The standard explanation about CIA bombers is that they are being converted for civilian use as "executive aircraft." Even if one could believe that Portuguese executives would be ordering *two squadrons* of bombers for business junkets, one can hardly imagine them ordering the noses rebuilt to accommodate machine guns, as were the noses on most of the planes chauffeured by Hawke. Hamilton testified that it was necessary to "demilitarize" the aircraft for export; when pressed he said this consisted entirely of disconnecting a few wires. In fact the planes were being *re*militarized by Hamilton's 78 employees, under the tolerant eyes of U.S. Customs officers. Each plane, before it left the country, received a certificate of airworthiness from the FAA. Members of the Air National Guard, stationed near Hamilton's shop, were recruited to install or repair military equipment on the bombers. "We hired the Air National Guardsmen for particular tasks," said Hamilton, "like on the radios." Attorney Marger asked if they were wearing uniforms. "They may have been wearing fatigue uniforms," Hamilton replied, "but I want to make it clear that they were off duty and it had nothing to do with their military duties."

Hamilton said that from the time of Hawke's first flight,

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when he conferred with customs officials about the "legality" of the shipments, he knew that the planes were destined for Angola and Mozambique via Portugal. Throughout the affair and until the trial almost a year and a half later, he testified, he continually discussed the case with representatives of the U.S. government. When Hawke and de Montmarin were under surveillance in September 1965, Hamilton was "kept apprised of it" and knew they would be arrested. "I was in close contact with the government during this period," he said. "I had good reason to be." It is clear that at all times during the affair, Washington knew precisely what was happening.

Knowing that for reasons of state the deal was off, Hamilton tried to make his own deal, after clearing it first, naturally, with the State Department. Shortly before the arrests of Hawke and de Montmarin, he personally contacted the Portuguese air attache in Washington and asked if Portugal would accept the remaining 13 B-26s under the "new conditions" laid down by the State Department. The new conditions were none other than the "long-standing U.S. policy" righteously enunciated by U.N. delegates Adlai Stevenson and Arthur Goldberg—"that use of the aircraft would be limited to Portuguese European territory." Negotiations were broken off when the Portuguese would not agree to that condition. "They wanted to use them in Angola in their African colonies, I guess," Hamilton said.

Hamilton was not indicted. The two Americans who were, were not prosecuted. Board was allowed to leave the country; his services as armorer to the counter-revolution were too valuable to be compromised. Charges against Keat Griggers were dropped, so he could return to his job in Portugal—training pilots and mechanics for their B-26 missions in Africa. That left the two patsies, and foreigners at that, to pay for saving America's face. And Washington did its split-level best to convict them.

[BUZZING THE WHITE HOUSE IN MY BOMBER]

JOHN HAWKE is a briskly self-reliant young man, made the more so by his realization that no matter what difficulties he encountered, the U.S. government, his patron, would bail him out. And right up until the time of his arrest, when the government doublecrossed him, his trust was entirely warranted.

He took off in Bomber No. 1 from Tucson in late May of 1965, landed in Rochester, New York to take on additional equipment and registered at a hotel, as he always did, using his right name and correct address. From there he flew to Torbay, Newfoundland, cleared Canadian customs with no difficulty, filed a flight plan (as he always did) and headed for Santa Maria airport in the Azores. When his radio failed him after takeoff, Canadian Air

Traffic Control sent out an Atlantic-wide alert for the missing B-26. U.S. air control authorities, who pay special attention to traffic of military aircraft and report immediately to their superiors any suspicious warplanes, were also notified. A second incident occurred on Hawke's arrival at Santa Maria, when an airport official, ignorant of the caper, tried to impound the bomber. A quick phone call to the giant U.S. Air Force base on the Azores was all that was required to send Hawke winging on his way.

Landing at Tancos airfield near Lisbon, he was met by an assortment of high Portuguese military and secret police officials—"all of them delighted," he said, "to see the airplane." He also met the assistant U.S. air attache from Lisbon, a Lieutenant Colonel Mario di Silvestero, who chatted amiably with him about the flight. Tancos Field was frantic with activity. A number of B-26s were already there, being prepared for battle, with U.S. guidance, by the mechanic pupils of Keat Griggers.

Hawke returned to the States, picked up another B-26 in Tucson and began his second, many-legged journey to Portugal. On the way east, flying in messy weather, the radio and compass malfunctioned and Hawke decided to put in at Washington National Airport for repairs. As he was preparing to land, at low altitude, he unknowingly flew directly over the White House. "Imagine, in a

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bomber," Hawke mused, "and the bomb doors *worked*—we saw to that before we left Tucson. What's more I think the President was *in* the White House at the time." The airspace over the White House is, of course, a prohibited area. Hawke had no sooner landed than he was seized by "little men in black suits" who told him the violation usually carried a $1000 fine whatever the excuse. "But I gave them a couple of code words," said Hawke, "and suddenly I was Blue-eyed Boy Number One. They said they were sorry to have troubled me, although I should be more careful in the future, and wished me a successful continuation of my flight from Washington." The overflight was recorded in a Federal Aviation Agency Incident Report, filed July 2, 1965, detailing the presence of Hawke's B-26 over "Prohibited Area 56" (White House airspace). The report states in part: "White House called in reference to a twin-engined silver-colored aircraft in the above position and same heading." No violation has been filed against Hawke, something Martin Caidin finds incredible ". . . based on my experience as a pilot and as a writer on air safety. You know, there is a saying among pilots: '*Crash, but don't fly over the White House.*' "

Hawke was stopped again by authorities before leaving the United States, in Portland, Maine, but again his "code words" worked magic. From then on, and for the next five transatlantic bomber deliveries, Hawke had no problems with U.S. authorities.

Hawke was also involved in the shipment of B-26 spare parts to Portugal. Among the spares were Norden bomb sights, machinegun accessories and Air Force B-26 technical manuals, supplied by two related Rochester concerns, Surplus World and Morris Diamond Associates. Employees of the surplus houses, Jack Bachman and his brother Jerome, testified that Board had purchased the equipment. They said they were in business to sell munitions and didn't care who purchased them "as long as their credit is good." "I'm World War III," quipped Marger, "and I'm for sale to anybody who wants to buy." The parts were loaded into a C-46, with U.S. Customs men present, and flown to Portugal by Board and Griggers.

It was while preparing a second shipment of B-26 parts that Hawke was arrested. Early in September he, Board and de Montmarin flew the C-46 up and down the east coast collecting spare parts at various cities. At each call customs agents would question them, place some phone calls and finally permit them to leave. For months everything had been cool and now, suddenly, there was this unaccustomed amount of heat. Board decided to postpone the shipment while he "communicated with the right people," and the trio went to Miami to cool their heels. Each of them was followed by T-men. Board communicated with the right people and left the country. Hawke and de Montmarin were locked up in the Dade County jail.

Caidin testified that after Hawke's arrest, he talked with Miami customs agents, in the presence of Marger, and offered to contact Board for them. "They were not interested," he said. Caidin then contacted Col. Charles Callahan, the security officer at a Florida Air Force base to whom he regularly supplied intelligence, and filed a 25,000-word report on the case. He said Callahan told him, "Stop rocking the boat and putting on the pressure . . . another government agency is involved in the case." Caidin said he warned the CIA, where he had a regular contact, that "somebody's going to blow the lid on this." They told him that they would look into it.

[WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON, BOY?]

THERE HAD BEEN many blunders in "Operation Sparrow," the government code name for the B-26 caper. Security had been repeatedly breached. A wide circle of persons were now privy to Sparrow's secrets. By mid-August, according to one Washington source, even Soviet intelligence had gotten wind of the affair. Furthermore, the fall 1965 session of the UN General Assembly was approaching, the question of Portuguese Africa was already on the agenda and Washington had good cause to be worried. The U.S. delegation knew that this time, the attacks of African nations and the Soviet bloc would be directed not only at Portugal, but at those nations supplying Portugal with arms. As the Portuguese foreign minister said last year after conferring in Washington with American officials: "The United States appears to have adopted a more realistic attitude toward Portuguese policies in the African territories."

There is no question that concern for our world image played a part in the decision to arrest Hawke and the Count. Their arrest as "private smugglers" was immediately seized upon by our U.N. delegation as evidence of American innocence in the Portuguese African wars. It is perhaps not a coincidence, either, that the trial was scheduled to open this fall (a year after the arrests) simultaneously with the convening of the General Assembly, at which the question of Portuguese Africa was again expected to figure prominently. When the Tanzanian delegate raised the B-26 question in the Security Council last October 3, Ambassador Goldberg was able to reply: "The only involvement of officials of the United States government, therefore, has been in prosecuting a malefactor acting against the laws of the country, and that prosecution is being pursued vigorously by my government." For all the government's vigor, the Buffalo jury which acquitted the "malefactors" would have found Goldberg quite difficult to believe.

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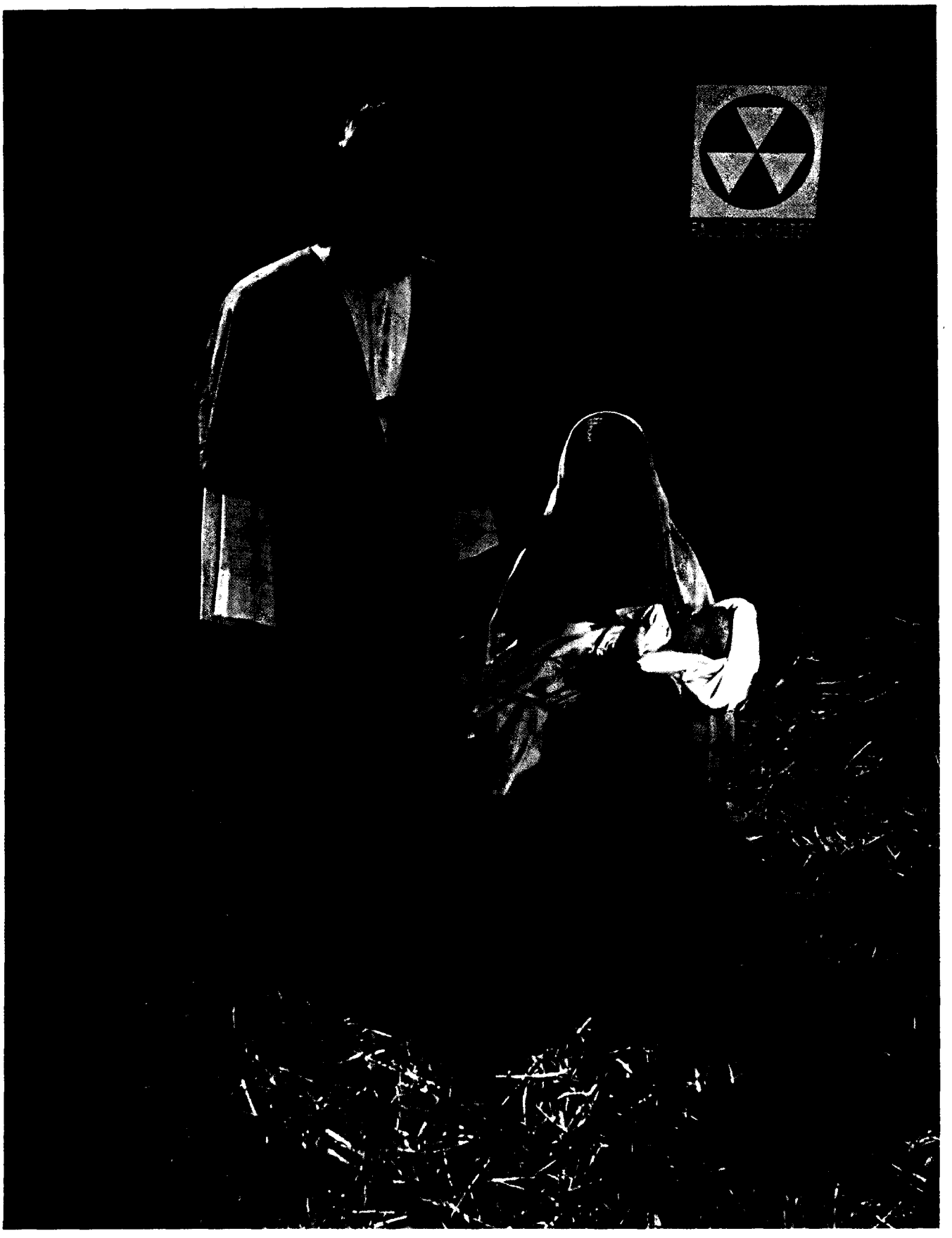

There's no room in the world (see next page)

Photograph by Peter James Samerjan

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Feasibility of Biological Recovery from Nuclear Attack

WE ALL KNOW what has already been made perfectly clear: A major nuclear war would be a horrible catastrophe. But we have also heard that civil defense might save many lives and minimize destruction. Secretary McNamara has reduced the problem to a simple matter of cost accounting: At a price of $5 billion we could build a shelter system, he claims, that would save 29 million lives.

Unfortunately, the problem is not so simple. It is not enough to know how many people would survive the first day of the war; we also need to know whether there would be buildings to house them, food to feed them, and fuel to warm them when they emerged from the shelters. We need to know how long the survivors would survive, whether they could—or would want to—bear children and care for them, do useful work, and re-create the fabric of our society. If we are to determine what value there is in civil defense we must look beyond even the frightful instantaneous catastrophe and learn, if we can, the subsequent fate of the nation.

One possibility is that the nation would recover. A military man might argue, after all, that any war has its casualties and that our basic problem is to learn how recovery from the immediate catastrophe of the war might be hastened. If civil defense could help restore our society to its original strength and value, it might be a useful national policy.

But another alternative is that the nation would *never* recover from the immediate devastation of a nuclear war, and that no scheme short of hiding most of our civilization deep in the ground—which would of itself degrade most of our social values—could prevent its further decay and ultimate dissolution. In this case, civil defense would be a monstrous illusion and therefore exceedingly dangerous as a national policy.

Any discussion must be related to the destructive con-

by Barry Commoner

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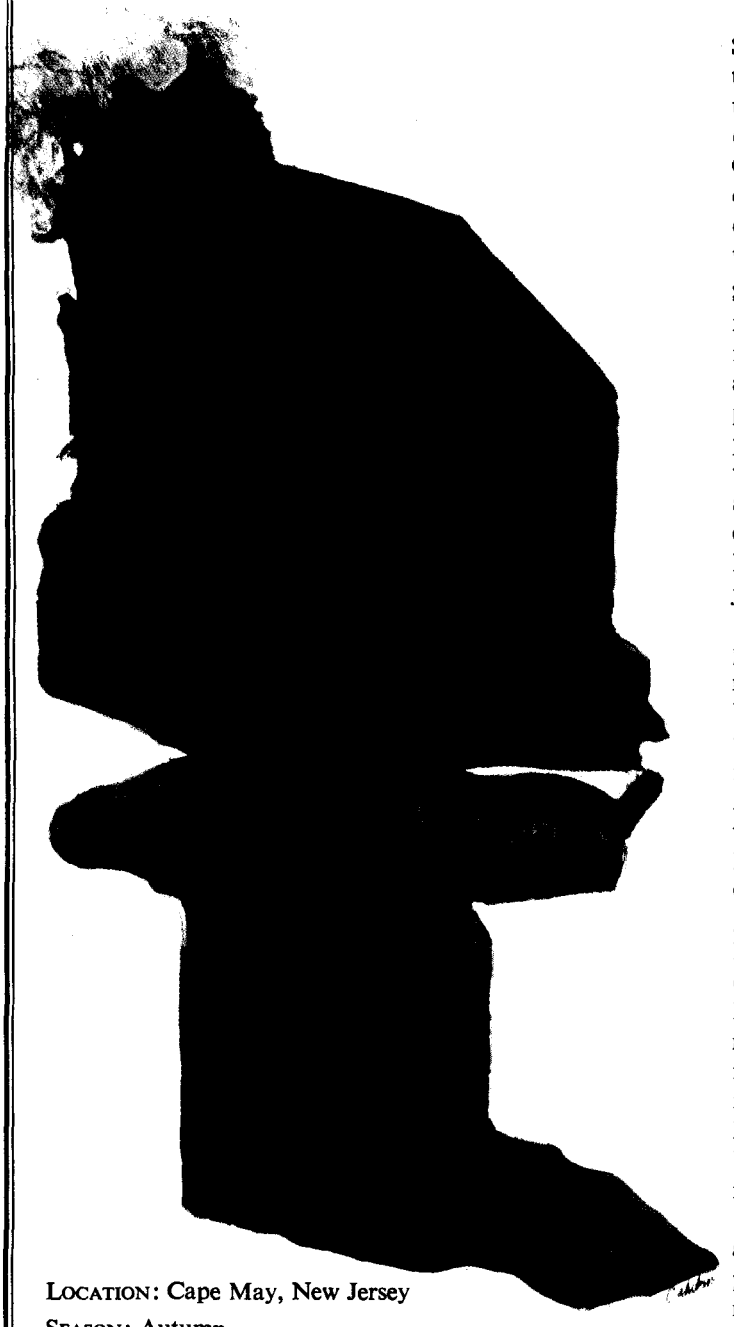
SCENARIO I



LOCATION: Cape May, New Jersey

SEASON: Autumn

TYPE AND CONSEQUENCES OF ASSUMED ATTACK: Heavy "surgical" mostly counterforce attack (late 60's) directed against SAC bases, missile sites, air defense installations, command and control, major civilian airports, etc. Transportation and communication targets are also attacked in an effort to cause confusion and chaos. Targets in the New York-New Jersey area (mostly attacked with 1 megaton airbursts or 20-50 kiloton weapons groundburst for maximum local destructiveness) include Newark Airport, the Hoboken railroad yards, Brooklyn Naval Yard, South Amboy, McGuire AFB, Idlewild, LaGuardia, and Newburgh. The only surviving north-south routes are the New Jersey Turnpike, the Garden State Parkway and U.S. 202 (a second-class road).

SPECIAL CONDITIONS: An offshore high pressure area (at the time of the attack) with its associated clockwise airflow causes the local fallout patterns to lie mostly north and northeast of the targets. Southern New Jersey, south of a line between Camden and Asbury Park, is virtually free of fallout. The only other nearby uncontaminated areas are the central Adirondacks and Green Mountains. The populace is informed of these details by radio.

SEQUENCE OF EVENTS: Large numbers of refugees enter the fallout-free area (following the radio reports) coming from northern and central New Jersey and from the Wilmington area, mostly by car. The turnpike and Garden State Parkway provide convenient arteries into this refuge. Disorganized and poorly conceived attempts by State Police to halt or redirect the flow merely produce severe traffic jams. A few individuals attempting to avoid the bottleneck cross the center mall to the empty northbound lanes and within a short space of time all lanes are choked by southbound vehicles. Because of the traffic jam many cars run out of gas and water.

Within 12 hours several hundred thousand people are temporarily stranded on foot along the length of the two major roadways. Later influxes from Philadelphia and New York bring in additional numbers. Over four million newcomers ultimately seek refuge in the southern half of the state where not more than half a million people lived before the attack. Almost 300,000 refugees cram themselves onto the southern tip of the state, in and around Cape May. At first people are housed in the empty resort hotels along the beach front of Cape May and Wildwood. As more and more refugees congregate, the sympathetic attitude of the local authorities hardens and stockades are built, the roads and stockades are closely patrolled by the police and National Guard and other harsh measures are taken. It is assumed that all refugees will return to their homes within a few weeks at most, so no attempt is made to construct weatherproof accommodations. This hope is not realized, for when communications are restored it is learned that many former residential areas have been destroyed by the attack, burned or looted subsequently, or have been invaded by squatters who refuse to be dislodged.

Some suburban communities which have suffered damage attempt to discourage the return of indigent or homeless persons, especially those belonging to minority groups. Many refugees have no immediate place to return to, and no liquid assets; those who abandoned cars often have no means of transportation either, since derelict or stalled vehicles have been hauled off the highways wholesale, and subsequently looted and picked to pieces by scavengers in search of spare parts or portable wealth. Many of these people are thus forced to spend the winter, of necessity, in compounds housed in tents, without adequate heat, food, sanitation or medicine.

By the following March some 50,000 hard-core refugees still remain in the Cape May area, mostly in conditions of real squalor. Without bathing facilities, soap, doctors or insecticides many are infested with lice. Typhus fever strikes the camps and spreads to the town and the overcrowded boardwalk hotels: 20,000 cases develop in the Cape May area above (30 per cent of the population) and 7,000 deaths result.

Illustrations by Charles White III

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sequences of a nuclear war based on present and anticipated capabilities of possible opponents, among which the most powerful is the U.S.S.R. The necessary background data are available from a number of government sources. These show that a large-scale attack that appears to be within the present nuclear capability of both the United States and the U.S.S.R. would involve a total of 5,000 to 10,000 megatons of explosive power. Such an attack would kill at once about 70 percent of the population and might destroy as much as 80 per cent of our industrial capacity and about half of our food-producing capability. A heavier attack—at the 25,000-megaton level that might be possible in the 1970's—would reduce the surviving proportions of people and industry to perhaps 10 per cent or less of their former values. These evaluations are based on a general assumption about civil defense measures: That the nation is fully provided with the equivalent of basement fallout shelters, but that no other civil defense measures have been taken.

[THE SYSTEM UNDER ATTACK IS COMPLEX]

THE DATA that relate to recovery from a nuclear attack are very different from those on its immediate destructive effects. We have fairly accurate information about the damage—from blast, fire, immediate radiation, and fallout—that can result from the explosion of a nuclear bomb of a given size. We also know the radiation sensitivity of people and various animals and plants, the damaging effects of blast on structures, and the susceptibility of cities and woodlands to fire. Given the geographical disposition of people, industries, and resources, it is then possible to calculate the overall destruction of a nuclear attack of a stated size.

But the later consequences of a nuclear attack on which the nation's course of recovery depends cannot possibly be estimated by summation of individual recovery or decay processes. We live in a complex *system* in which no component or process is isolated from the whole. The key to the system's behavior is its complexity; what it does depends not only on the properties of the separate parts, but also on how they are interconnected.

How can we achieve an operationally useful analysis of such a complex system? This can be done to some extent by a technique which has now become common in operational analysis of military problems: The development of a "scenario" which attempts to place a general set of relationships within the framework of a particular locale and specific circumstances. Such scenarios provide at least examples of possible real situations and help to derive a practical meaning from the abstract interrelationships. In what follows I shall review some of the scenarios on the later consequences of nuclear war that have been developed by the Hudson Institute, one of the chief agencies which provide the government with analyses of civil defense problems.

[EFFECTS OF A NUCLEAR ATTACK ON PUBLIC HEALTH]

IT IS ASSUMED that a 1-megaton bomb explodes over the western suburbs of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The wind is from the west so that fires burn toward the lake; because the water system has been destroyed by the blast, the fires burn to completion. According to the scenario:

> Survivors of the blast are driven into the lake by subsequent fires. Many drown. Several hundred thousand corpses (not actually incinerated) begin to decompose. Although fallout is negligible (the explosion being an airburst) the 250,000 survivors in the metropolitan area are taxed to the limit to find food and shelter; disposal of bodies proceeds slowly. Due to destruction of sewage processing facilities and the continuing presence of unburied, decayed, human remains both on land and in the nearby in-shore waters of Lake Michigan, almost all local sources of drinking water for the city become seriously contaminated. Post-attack chaos and disorganization are such that *ad hoc* sanitation methods are inadequate. Within the two months some 20,000 cases of typhoid fever leading to 10,000 fatalities have occurred and over 100,000 individuals have contracted more or less severe cases of bacillary dysentery or other enteric infections of which one-third are serious and 7,500 ultimately result in death.

According to the report, other cities that also obtain drinking water from the Great Lakes might suffer a similar catastrophe: Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Toledo, Gary, Erie, Duluth, and Ontario. In Los Angeles, although water is brought from distant sources, it is stored temporarily in open reservoirs that could be contaminated in the same way. The problem described here would be less severe in winter than in summer, but cold weather itself would be a hazard to survivors for other reasons. In any case, one cannot, of course, predict the time of an attack.

Countermeasures are possible and relatively simple: Water can be boiled and enteric diseases can be controlled by sulfa drugs and by other public health measures. But as the report points out,

> . . . the essential point of the scenario is not that the problem is insoluble but that in a confused and chaotic situation it might not be recognized.

Another scenario relevant to the medical consequences of an attack is the following: The United States is struck by an attack totaling 4000 megatons. As a result of a breakdown in governmental authority border control is inadequate. Several persons engaged in smuggling and illicit activities in the Caribbean are exposed to yellow fever in Haiti, carrying the infection to Puerto Rico and then to Florida. Because of poor medical and police control some of these cases go untreated. As a result,

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LOCATION: Champaign-Urbana, Illinois

SEASON: May

TYPE AND CONSEQUENCES OF ATTACK: Large pre-emptive counterforce strike; 5000 megatons to dig out hardened missiles, 1000 megatons on other targets, 300 megatons groundburst on north central Missouri Minuteman complex. Heavy residence fallout on Champaign-Urbana.

SEQUENCE OF EVENTS: The inhabitants of Champaign County have several hours warning of the arrival of fallout, and many are able to use the time to provide some degree of protection for themselves. Among milk cows and chickens with some shelter smaller protective factors are achieved. Wild animals or beef herds receive no protection.

As a result there are very few fallout casualties among the human population, who receive acute doses in the range of 50-200 Roentgens. On the other extreme, the bird population receives an average acute gamma dose of 1000 Roentgens, plus a considerable Beta-dose which causes burns and some loss of pin feathers, etc. At the time of the attack most fledglings are still in the nest or just out of them. Virtually all juveniles are killed, as well as 80 per cent of the adults, within three weeks. Ordinary mortality cuts the number of survivors by the following spring to 10 per cent of the normal number.

Also because of the fallout, farmers do no spraying or other avoidable outside work during the first summer. Most corn is harvested but 15 per cent of the crop is found to have been ruined by fall army worms, *Laphygma frugiperda*, and corn earworms, *Heliothis zea*, which are able to profit by the lack of bird predation. To avoid unnecessary exposure to lingering radiation, the stubble fields are left until spring. The following year, corn earworms, European cornborers and chinch bugs whose populations have built up from the previous year, devastate the crop. A renewed onslaught by fall army worms immigrating from the south in late August, threatens to complete the destruction. Over 40 per cent of the corn crop is ruined. Legumes (soybeans and alfalfa) are hit equally hard by pests, particularly grasshoppers.

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swamp areas such as the Everglades, which support the mosquito carriers of yellow fever, become a reservoir of the disease. A severe epidemic of yellow fever spreads to the Miami area where there are crowded refugee quarters. According to the scenario, "mortality is 80 per cent among those exposed—80,000 dead in three months."

The report points out that similar conditions obtain all along the Gulf Coast and that "some 20 to 30 million people now live in potentially dangerous areas." It should be recalled that before the development of modern public health measures yellow fever was common in the United States as far north as Boston.

The scenario suggests the following possible countermeasures: (i) cooperation from neighboring friendly governments in policing the border; (ii) reallocation of coast guard units from northern to southern waters; (iii) reassignment of civil defense personnel to border control; and (iv) "try to maintain central authority, communication, and morale."

These two examples should suffice to develop the main point: Death and disease resulting from a nuclear attack would not be restricted to the immediate effects of blast, irradiation, and fire. We are always surrounded by reservoirs of disease; epidemics are held back under modern conditions only by extensive sanitation efforts and by rigorous isolation of potential sources of infection. The destructive effects of any event that disrupts these controls will be enormously amplified by biological reproduction of the disease agents.

[COULD THE NATION RECOVER?]

THESE ARE THE KIND of problems that would determine whether the nation could recover from a nuclear attack—or descend toward chaos. Typically, they involve complex feedback relationships, and the major effects are usually brought about indirectly. Huge effects may be triggered by small, uncontrollable events: the wind direction during an attack on a metropolitan area may determine whether or not the survivors are to be further decimated by a typhoid epidemic. And vastly different consequences can result from the different ways in which an enemy chooses to—or happens to—carry out the attack: catastrophic and long-term climatic changes might be triggered by an extremely heavy nuclear attack—but only if the weapons were exploded on the ground.

To these problems must be added the array of issues that arise in the nation's economic system, in its social and political structure, and in the realm of individual and group psychology.

The relationship between the surviving population and the industrial resources that remain after an attack is clearly subject to complex interactions. The surviving population would be able to grow only if the remaining industrial facilities were sufficient to support recovery. The several capabilities which are essential for recovery are mutually dependent. People must have a minimum amount of food, clothing, shelter, and emergency care or they will die; in turn, human labor is necessary to produce the means of subsistence. A small change in either capability—for example, an epidemic which reduced labor power or one which destroyed a food crop—could set up a vicious cycle that would cause the situation to deteriorate rapidly.

Any society that survived a nuclear attack would therefore be delicately balanced between recovery and further deterioration. Unless it could begin to recover shortly after the attack, the surviving society would tend to go rapidly downhill. This means that its fate would depend crucially on the interactions among the controlling factors. For example, if an attack left many survivors but destroyed most of the facilities needed to sustain life, competition among the survivors could easily set off a cycle of deterioration. Conflict, or even competition, for scarce food could lead to inefficient use of available supplies, recovery efforts would be hindered, shortages would worsen, conflict would intensify, and the social system would start on a descending spiral toward disintegration.

Any added strain on the social system during the period following an attack is likely to tip the balance downward. A new attack, either with nuclear weapons or with chemical or biological weapons, would almost certainly start the slide toward extinction.

Under such circumstances, a given civil defense measure which might be useful in one situation becomes harmful in another. A system for warning the population about fallout conditions might be essential to save the farmers—and therefore the food-producing capability—of an agricultural area. But similar warnings in the New York area might, depending on wind conditions, direct survivors into a region that could not support them.

Any full-scale attack with nuclear weapons totaling 6000 megatons or more may lead to conditions that would cause the protection afforded by shelters to be harmful to the ultimate survival of the population as a whole and to the nation's recovery. This paradoxical situation arises because any appreciable excess in surviving population could not be sustained by the available supplies and facilities. In this circumstance, the survivors would compete among themselves for sustenance; some would face death from starvation and neglect. The resulting conflict and social chaos would severely hamper any organized recovery program and might precipitate the ultimate extinction of a highly organized society.

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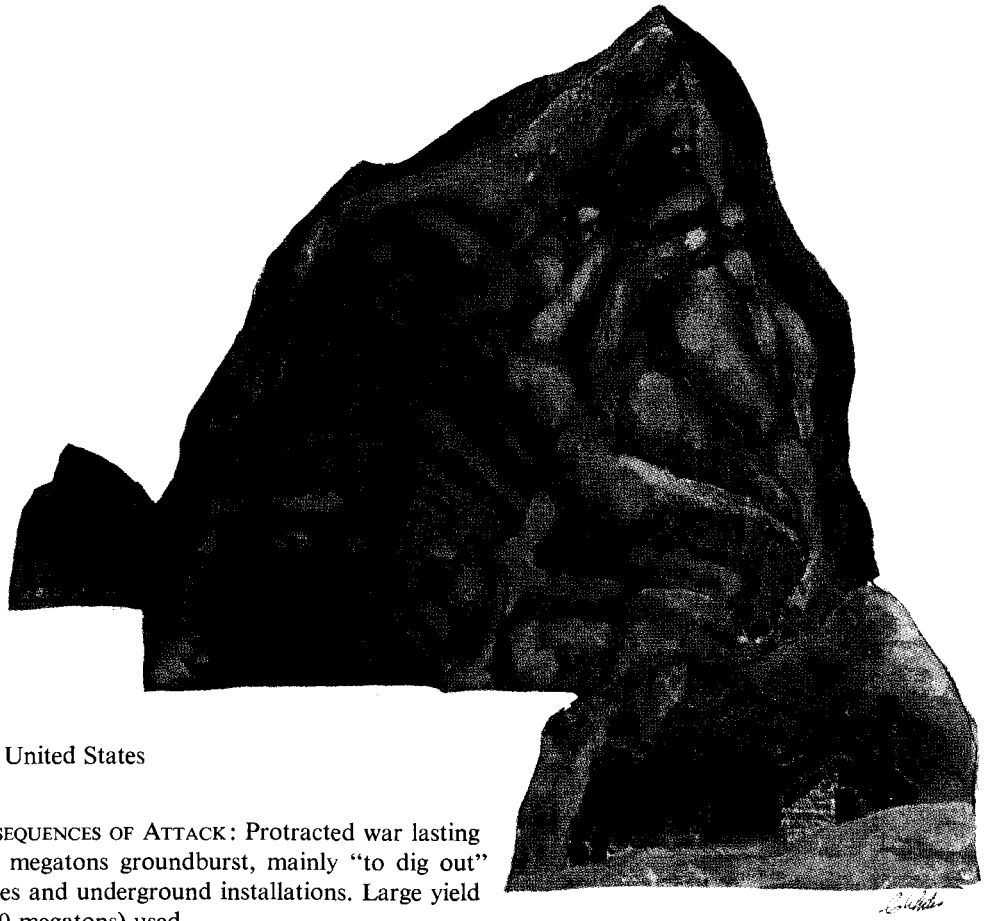
SCENARIO III



LOCATION: The United States

SEASON: March

TYPE AND CONSEQUENCES OF ATTACK: Protracted war lasting 3 years. 20,000 megatons groundburst, mainly "to dig out" hardened missiles and underground installations. Large yield weapons (50-100 megatons) used.

SEQUENCE OF EVENTS: Nuclear debris injected into the stratosphere in vast quantities reduces insolation (heat received at the earth's surface) 10 per cent in each of the three years. Cooling over the land areas begins in the first year, and by the fourth year the tropical oceans have given up much of their stored heat. In the fourth winter, average temperatures in the Northern Hemisphere are already 4 degrees Centigrade below normal and the snow line of the Sierra Nevada and the Rockies is 800 meters (one-half mile) lower than previously. Isotherms have shifted, on the average, about 600 miles south, which means Tampa now has the climate New York formerly had, and Seattle has the climate formerly associated with Juneau, Alaska. The precipitation dumped on the Pacific Northwest coast by storms arising from the conflux of the warm North Pacific current and the cold subarctic current from the Gulf of Alaska begins to move southward as the balance between the two currents shifts in favor of the cold. The precipitation in Washington and Oregon is mostly snow for one-third of the year. Where the snow remains on the ground during the summer, still more heat is lost by reflection, and the snowpack at higher elevations continues to deepen and encroach on the valleys. Small glaciers are formed, merge and grow. Permanent snowcaps are seen on many peaks in the Appalachians as far south as Tennesse. Even at low altitudes, snow is found on forested northern slopes in New Jersey until June. North of 50 degrees latitude, where the earth's surface is about 60 per cent land, and much of the rest—the Arctic ocean—has year-round pack ice, the reflectivity (albedo) of the earth's surface shifts upward by several percentage points as vast stretches of Canada, Alaska, and Siberia are covered by snow for longer and longer times. The result is that cold polar high-pressure air masses are more prevalent and move farther south, even in summer. Thus the process continues even after the dust is scavenged from the stratosphere. *A period of glaciation in the northern hemisphere begins.*

EVALUATION: A war such as the one postulated seems very unlikely to be sure, even in comparison with other possible wars. However our intuition for these things may be at fault. Further, it might be thought that so few people would survive a 20,000 megaton war that the onset of glaciation would seem unimportant, in comparison. As we have pointed out, the discrepancy is not so much one of degree of disutility as it is of time scales: the casualties come immediately, whereas a glacial epoch might last a long time.* Actually, it is difficult to imagine a continuing, sporadic exchange of ICBM's lasting several years unless the results were indecisive, as they might be if both sides had bought expensive, high quality, blast shelters, underground factories, etc. It is also conceivable that efficient "clean" (100 per cent fusion) bombs might be available allowing each side to maximize blast destructiveness without producing "unacceptable" radiation hazards.

**How such an epoch might end is as difficult to guess as how it might begin: nobody would be surprised however, if a glacial era*, once begun, *lasted 10,000 years.*

Scenarios by Dr. Robert Ayres of the Hudson Institute

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Note also the unfortunate long-term consequences of a shelter system so effective that it permitted a prolonged war, if such a system could be devised. As indicated earlier, the very existence of such defenses would impel an enemy to massive attacks with ground bursts. This would create a huge global dust pall that might trigger a new ice age.

What conclusions about national recovery from a large-scale nuclear attack can be drawn from such data?

My own conclusion is based chiefly on the numerous possibilities that initial damage would be enormously amplified by a series of biological processes—epidemics of human and animal diseases, crop destruction by radiation-induced ecological imbalance, erosion and sterilization of the land resulting from massive destruction of vegetation, and the triggering of possibly catastrophic climatic changes. The staggering size of the immediate destruction of a large-scale nuclear attack, the probability of high amplification of this damage by biological and climatic processes, and the self-contradicting consequences of civil defense measures lead me to conclude that this nation, its population, its economic wealth, its social fabric—all that we speak of as our civilization—would be irrevocably lost following a major nuclear war.

Although, in my judgment, a major nuclear war, despite any plausible defense measures, would irrevocably destroy this nation, I am obliged, because I am subject to the discipline of science, to add that this judgment is not provable, and that others possessing the same information disagree. Obviously the same obligation lies on those who disagree with my conclusion.

Scientists, as a community of informed specialists, are obliged to report in answer to the question, "Could the nation survive a nuclear war?" "We do not know!"

[THE HAZARDS OF IGNORANCE]

I REALIZE that in an age in which science so dominates our lives such a confession may come as an unwelcome surprise. But our actual experience with some of the new powers of science and technology —especially nuclear energy—does not, I am afraid, support any general optimism in this matter. Recent events have amply demonstrated our earlier ignorance of the fallout problem, which is itself only a small part of the total problem of recovery from nuclear war. One of the pioneers in this field, E. P. Odum, in summarizing a 1963 symposium on the Ecological Effects of Nuclear War, concluded that although we have some understanding of the individual effects of a nuclear catastrophe,

> . . . the greatest unknown stems from our almost complete lack of experience and understanding of *the interaction of factors that would be unique in a nuclear catastrophe.*

[THE NATION MUST DECIDE]

THE NATION is once again about to make up its mind whether to accept the combined anti-missile-shelter system presently under consideration by the Department of Defense, the White House, and congressional leadership. We are in the process of constructing an unimaginably complex automatic war machine, which encompasses the whole of our society and its natural environment. We know that the behavior of such a complicated mechanism is not predictable.

The experts are well aware of the risks which this nation takes in relying on nuclear weapons for defense. But this is not the kind of judgment which can be left to experts. A decision that may risk the very life of the nation must be made by the nation as a whole.

For this the nation's citizens must be apprised of the facts. And they have not been. Summarized, I believe they would run something like this:

1) Civil defense measures may be of some value in very small nuclear attacks.

2) Civil defense systems must nevertheless be extremely large and costly.

3) These systems are as likely to be a liability as a benefit in a large war, which we could have no certainty of surviving in any case. Any possibility of benefiting from civil defense preparations for a large attack could be wiped out by a relatively inexpensive increase in offensive armaments by a potential enemy.

4) Against the possibility of benefiting from civil defense preparations in an unlikely small attack, we must balance the enormous cost, and the enormous risk, which such preparations will mean. The truly terrifying risk is that of trusting our fate to a system of defense far more complex, and far less understood, than the power network which so dramatically and unexpectedly failed last year.

Civil defense has been compared to an insurance policy. But an antimissile and shelter system is like a policy whose fine print restricts it to a very narrow range of circumstances.

For this insurance policy we are being asked to pay a staggering premium. If we buy this policy, we are risking the very values which it is intended to preserve: the continued existence of this nation. Perhaps it is the sort of policy we are willing to buy. But we won't know until the nation is asked. And it is high time that it was asked.

Mr. Commoner is chairman of the Botany Department of Washington University. His forthcoming book, Science and Survival (*Viking*) *will treat these issues more completely.*

This article is extracted from a paper presented before a symposium on civil defense at the December 1965 meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Berkeley, California.

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Fantasy by Barbara Garson

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Dramatis Personæ

THREE WITCHES
JOHN KEN O'DUNC
TED KEN O'DUNC
ROBERT KEN O'DUNC
MACBIRD
CRONY
EGG OF HEAD
EARL OF WARREN
WAYNE OF MORSE
MACNAMARA
COP
LADY MACBIRD
TWO DAUGHTERS OF MACBIRD
SECRETARY
WOMEN IN CROWD
TWO SENATORS
CONGRESSMAN
KEN O'DUNC'S FOLLOWERS
MACBIRD'S FOLLOWERS
ROBERT'S FOLLOWERS
MEN IN CROWD
REPORTERS
MESSENGER

Prologue

(*Enter middle-aged man dressed in standard business attire except for a plume in his hat and a toy sword at his waist.*)

O, for a fireless muse, that could descend
From kingdoms, princes, monarchs and the like
To common themes of marital affairs,
Of young romance and adolescent strife;
Then should our war-like leaders not appear
Upon this stage in false resemblances
Twixt princes of the present and the past.
O pardon, gentles, these bright-painted spirits,
That, drawn too clear, seem more than what they say.
Can costumed kings who sweep across this stage
With antique garb and flashing swords of old
Be likened to our sober-suited leaders,
Who plot in prose their laceless, graceless deeds?
And think you that within these wooden walls
Can be confined two warring dynasties,
With swelling hosts of hacks, and clerks and claques
Whose high uprearéd and abutting prides
Now rip a ruling monolith asunder?
Can these bare boards support the vast machines
That now sustain two modern monarchies?
No, this weak wood but holds the airy actors
Who here portray fantastic lords of yore.
O, don't employ your own imaginations
To piece out imperfections in our plot.
For things that seem, I beg you, know no seeming;
Your very lack of thoughts must cloak our kings.
For my sake, seek no silly suppositions;
Disdain to note what likenesses may show;
Accept our words, ignore your intuitions;
For *honi soit qui mal y pense*, you know.

Act I

ACT I, SCENE I

(*Hotel Corridor at Democratic convention. Three witches slink in. The first witch is dressed as a student demonstrator, beatnik stereotype. The second witch is a Negro with the impeccable grooming and attire of a* Muhammed Speaks *salesman. The third witch is an old leftist, wearing a worker's cap and overalls and carrying a lunch pail.*)

1ST WITCH: When shall we three meet again?
2ND WITCH: In riot,
3RD WITCH: Strike,
1ST WITCH: Or stopping train?
2ND WITCH: When the hurlyburly's done.
When the race is lost or won.
3RD WITCH: Out on the convention floor.
Or in some hotel corridor.
1ST WITCH: Where cheering throngs can still be heard,
There to meet with ——MacBird.
(*A cry, off-stage*)
2ND WITCH: I come, soul brothers!
3RD WITCH: Comrades call!
1ST WITCH: Away!
(*Witches slither off while chanting:*)
Fair is foul and foul is fair.
Hover through stale and smoke-filled air.

ACT I, SCENE II

(*Hotel room at the Democratic Convention. The walls are covered with charts and maps showing current tally of votes, campaign posters, etc. In an arm chair at one corner sits* Teddy, *playing cat's cradle.*)

(*Enter John and Robert. They look, move, and dress alike, except that John is older, heavier, and more self-assured.*)

JOHN: Like? Dislike? What foolishness is that?
Our cause demands suppressing sentiment.
ROBERT: But, Jack, you know it isn't merely scruples.
He has a fat, yet hungry, look. Such men are dangerous.
JOHN: Good God, this womanly whimpering just when I need your manly immorality!
ROBERT: But John—but Jack—you know it isn't that.
(*beginning to whine.*)
JOHN: Enough is said! At least we have to ask.
He won't accept and, even if he does,
His name will just stand second on the ticket.
You, Bob, are still the second in succession.
And Ted is next . . . and princes yet unborn . . .
And for this land, this crowned continent,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This forceful breed of men, this mighty world,
I see a . . . *New Frontier* beyond her seas.
She shall o'erflow her shores and burst her banks,
Eastward extend till East does meet with West,
And West until the West does touch the East,
And o'er this hot and plaguéd earth descend
The Pox Americana, a sweet haze,
Shelt'ring all the world in its deep shade.
And our descendants, locking link to link,
Shall lay a lofty line of lovéd kings,
To serve the faithful, laying low the foe;

Photography by Erik Weber
Puppets by Robert la Morticella
& the San Francisco Mime Troupe

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Guiding, guarding, governing this folk.
TED: Gee, that's keen! (*Counting on his fingers*) So let's see . . .
That means Jack in '60 and '64, then Bobby in '68 and '72,
then me in . . . what would that make it . . . '76 and '80 and
then in 1984 it could be . . .
BOB: Shut up, Teddy! Can't you see we're busy?
JOHN: There's much that must be seen and done and heard.
Let's first bestow the title on MacBird.
(*Exit John and Robert. Teddy remains playing cat's cradle, then runs off the stage as the three witches enter.*)
3RD WITCH: Where have *you* been, brother?
2ND WITCH: In L. A.
3RD WITCH: And where were you?
1ST WITCH: A troop train taking men to Viet Land
Came chugging, chugging, chugging through our town.
"Halt ho!" quoth I, and stood upon the track,
Then, tossing leaflets, leaped up to the troops:
"Turn back, turn back, and stop this train.
Why fight for them and die in vain?"
But we were few and so did fail:
Shoved off the train, we went to jail.
Yet trouble stirred is always for the good.
3RD WITCH: Tell us more about L.A. (*loud footsteps, door slams off stage*) Who's there? (*whisper*)
2ND WITCH: Here comes MacBird. Quick! Hide behind the chair.
(*The witches scurry to the chair, concealing themselves insufficiently. In the meantime MacBird enters, a large heavy-jowled figure, followed by his crony, a thin sharpy.*)
MACBIRD: So foul, unfair a day I've never seen.
(*He notes figures behind the chair.*)
Some delegates, I guess, or shy supporters.
(*toward chair*) Why howdy there! (*to Crony*) Let's give them folks a thrill.
The name's MacBird! I'm mighty proud to meet ya!
(*Extends hand toward chair. Witches rise up slowly from behind.*)
Why, it's a nigra and a filthy beatnik.
CRONY: And there's a bum done up in worker's duds.
MACBIRD: God damn! Those beatnik picketers all over!
CRONY: Perhaps I better run and call the cops.
MACBIRD: Now just calm down. I know how to deal with people.
I'll handle this. (*to witches*) OK, let's hear your story.
(*Witches move eerily out from behind chair*)
Come on, speak up, now what in thunder are you?
1ST WITCH: All hail MacBird. All hail the Senate's leader.
2ND WITCH: All hail MacBird, vice-president thou art.
3RD WITCH: All hail MacBird, that shall be president.
ALL THREE: All hail MacBird, that shall be president.
CRONY: Hey boss, how come you gulp and seem to fear?
It has a kind of pretty sound, I think.
(*to witches*) If you can look into your crystal ball
And say who'll get ahead and who'll go down,
Speak then to me. When he becomes the chief
What will I be?
1ST WITCH: You'll be his leading hack.
2ND WITCH: It's not so high, but so much less to fall;
For you shall share the fate of his career.
MacBird shall be the mightiest of all,
But Ken O'Dunc alone shall leave an heir.
3RD WITCH: An heir who'll play a king, like other kings.
He too shall be an extra on our set.
He'll strut and fret his hour on the boards
And be applauded wildly from the pit.
But if you skip and read a later page,
We take the final bow upon this stage.
MACBIRD: (*who has been absorbed in his thoughts through the last two speeches*)
The Senate leader, that I know I am.
But how vice-president, when Ken O'Dunc
Despises me like dirt? And to be chief—
Unthinkable while Ken O'Dunc holds sway!
(*Witches start to slither off the stage*)
Stay, you lying varmints! Tell me more!
Where'd you learn this hogwash that you tell?
And why the devil did you come to me?
Come on! Speak out!
CRONY: They're gliding off the stage.
WITCHES: (*continuing to move off, and chanting together*)
The bosses shall be booted in the bin,
The kings unkinged. We have a world to win!
MACBIRD: Vice-president—and president to be!
CRONY: It's not the *natural* path to reach the top.
(*Enter Bobby*)
ROBERT: Hail MacBird, vice-president thou art—
That is, if you'll accept the second place.
My brother Jack has picked you for the job
And hopes that you'll agree to grace his slate.
MACBIRD: (*aside*) Vice-president—and president to be!
BOBBY: I know of course it's not what you had hoped.
It's really just an honorary post.
And so I'm sure you must want time to think.
Perhaps we'll get together late tonight.
MACBIRD: I thank your brother. Let him know for me
I do accept with deep humility.
BOBBY: (*faltering*) Well . . . That's just fine . . . I guess that means that we . . .
Should go and meet together sometime . . . soon.
MACBIRD: (*firmly*) We've got a lot to do. Today. But when?
BOBBY: (*quizzical*) At ten o'clock?
MACBIRD: OK, I'll see you then.
(*exit MacBird and Crony. Exit Bobby*)

(*Ken O'Dunc's hotel room. On stage are John and Robert surrounded by a group of their advisors. In the chair in the corner sits Teddy, playing solitaire.*)
BOBBY: (*gossiping with circle*) And just like that, he took it on the spot.
(*group gasps, showing surprise and dismay*)
JOHN: Unity required that we ask him.
BOBBY: The party must be made to speak as one.
JOHN: Concensus, lords, concensus is the thing!
BOBBY: The jewel upon the crown that marks the king.
JOHN: So gentlemen, that's now the way it stands.
(*Enter MacBird. Conversation stops short but MacBird proceeds heartily*)
MACBIRD: Howdy, folks. (*pause with no response*) I want to thank you all. (*earnestly*)
I know you all conferred in choosing me. (*pause*)
I wonder if you know just what this means

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To me, a boy who nearly dropped from school?
Vice-president of these United States!
Why, it's an inspiration to *all* boys
Who daily toil, and sometimes feel despair,
To know that in the White House—or quite near—
There dwells a man who had to work like them,
Who knew the struggles, knew the ups and downs.
It gives a boy faith in this, our land.
JOHN: And we in turn thank you, your quick response.
MACBIRD: Why thanks.
JOHN: Thank *you*. (*more formally*) Friends, brothers, lords,
All you who are nearest to us, know
We will establish our estate upon
The eldest, Robert, whom we now do name
The Lord of Laws, Henceforth our closest counsel.
In all affairs of state we are as one.
To him entrust your thoughts as though to me.
And now to plan the tone of our campaign.
MACBIRD: Say, how about conferring on my ranch?
JOHN: I have some business here a day or two.
MACBIRD: Well then, I'll go ahead. You come next week.
The wife and I must quickly organize
A welcome worthy of our honored guest.
We'll have a grand procession through the streets
For you to greet the people of my state.
JOHN: Adieu, MacBird. We'll see you in a week.
BOBBY: Adieu. (*all shaking hands and filing out*)
OTHERS: Adieu.
MACBIRD: Adieu, my lords, adieu.
(*Exit all except MacBird. Ted gathers up his cards and runs out last.*)
MACBIRD: This Lord of Laws, be blasted, there's the rub,
For in my way it lies. (*slowly*) Stars, hide your fires.
Let no light see my black and deep desires.

ACT I, SCENE ii

(*A room on the MacBird ranch. Lady MacBird is seated at her desk and reading aloud from a letter.*)
LADY MACBIRD: ". . . and these weird critters had no sooner slithered out when in strides Bobby, the punky younger brother, trumpeting out their very words. 'Hail MacBird, Vice-president thou art.' I don't know what the devil they are but I reckon it's something mighty deep. So now it's two down and one to go. I'll be home straight from here and we can puzzle out these strange happenings together. I just wanted you to know right away, my dearest little pardner, what we have and what's been promised.
Be seeing you real soon,
Your loving Bird"
All hail MacBird, the president to be!
And yet I fear you're not direct enough.
The naked act would scandalize your eye.
You need to dress it up, to drape it out,
In purple prose that robes it nobly.
Your mind's too full of all your own conceits
To catch the nearest way, the clearest way.
You're not without ambition but you lack
The forthrightness to face your own desire.
You'd take the gold and never ask the source.
You'd swindle if the act were vague enough
And yet you'd never swipe it clean and clear,
For lack of means to mystify the deed.
How often in the past have I arranged
To have the right connections come your way,
Myself performing all the devious acts
So you receive the bounty graciously.
How artfully you've learned to look away
While I prepare the props and set the stage.
Then enter thou, declaiming loftily,
Forgetting the deceit that makes for art.
There's much you wish were done but would not do.
For fear you'd see too clear your own intent.
What you want highly you want holily . . .
(*MacBird enters*)
All hail MacBird!
MACBIRD: All hail, sweet innocent!
LADY MACBIRD: All hail MacBird, the president to be!
Your letters have transported me beyond
This feeble present and I feel the surge
Of future power now.
MACBIRD: My dearest Bird,
Ken O'Dunc comes here this very week.
LADY MACBIRD: And when departs?
MACBIRD: A day or two, I think.
LADY MACBIRD: Oh, never shall the sunlight see that day!
Don't look so shocked. It's not the time to pose.
We have to choose our route and hew our way.
We cannot sidestep gingerly the mud;
Our path's direct.
MACBIRD: If we should fail?
LADY MACBIRD: We—fail?
The only danger lies in faltering.
The boldest deed, the biggest lie wins out.
This lesson we have learned from Ken O'Dunc.
Remember he attacked that rebel isle,
Denied he did it, then announced: "Twas I"?
The major thing is confidence and style,
For still the world believes he'd never lie.
MACBIRD: Indeed the man's a dangerous hypocrite.
This nation needs old-fashioned honesty.
It needs a man with moral might and will;
It needs a man of deep sincerity.
(*noise of a motor on high*)
LADY MACBIRD: Hark, hark! His helicopter o'er the range!
MACBIRD: You greet our fork-tongued guest, whild I go change.
(*noise of helicopter landing. Exit MacBird. Enter John with Teddy, Bob, and entourage.*)
BOBBY: (*sarcastic*) My God, they've got an oil well in the garden!
TED: (*enthusiastic*) Bobby, look! There's moo-moos on the lawn!
1ST MAN: (*sarcastic*) Luncheons on the grass here must be charming!
2ND MAN: (*sarcastic*) I understand they roast the oxen whole.
JOHN: (*seeing Lady MacBird and calling aloud*)
Lady MacBird! Good day, our gentle hostess.
Your rustic homestead charms us.
LADY MACBIRD: Thank you'all.

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Although this welcome's humble, be assured
We're honored to receive you at the ranch.
And simple folk throughout this ample state
Are clamoring to see you. So for them,
This Friday noon we've planned a grand parade,
A fitting welcome, where the passionate throng
Will line the streets and fill the buildings round.
At doors and windows, yea, on chimney tops,
Their infants in their arms, like that they'll stand,
The live-long day with patient expectation
To see their leader pass the streets downtown.
And when they see your open carriage near,
They'll raise a din and universal shout.
JOHN: This welcome planned unduly honors us.
LADY MACBIRD: I hope you'll stay till Friday.
JOHN: Yes, that's fine.
LADY MACBIRD: MacBird awaits within; let's go and dine.
(*All exit into the house*)

ACT I, SCENE V

(*A downtown street. Toward the left a tall building. Toward the right a grassy knoll. The crowd is lining the street. They have their backs to the audience and stand toward the outside of the stage. The crowd may be quite small, with sound effects taken from a baseball game or some other grossly disproportionate roaring throng. They point in toward the stage, so the parade route is imagined to be between them and the backdrop.*)
1ST VOICE: So rich!
2ND VOICE: So young.
3RD VOICE: And yet so wise and sure.
1ST VOICE: It feels so safe to know he's here.
4TH VOICE: (*male*) Aw, hell!
He's just a politician like the rest.
3RD VOICE: Oh hush, you fool. He's there protecting us.
He gives his youth and strength to keep us free.
1ST VOICE: And still has time to help out with the kids.
2ND VOICE: This morning's paper showed his little girl
Dressed up in Mommy's shoes. It's on page three.
1ST VOICE: I love those kids as if they were my own.
4TH VOICE: You make me sick!
3RD VOICE: Shut up, you grouch!
1ST VOICE: What's that?
2ND VOICE: His car just came in sight. You see it there?
ALL: He's coming . . . He's coming . . . He's coming . . He's going . . .
(*a loud bang*) He's gone!
(*This line is chanted as the heads of the crowd turn slowly from left to right as if following the movement of the president's car across the stage. The car should appear to be off stage by the time the shot rings out.*)
CROWD: (*a universal shout*)
1ST VOICE: Oh no!
2ND VOICE: Can't be!
3RD VOICE: They've shot the president!
5TH VOICE: Oh, piteous sight!
1ST VOICE: Oh, noble Ken O'Dunc!
2ND VOICE: Oh, woeful scene!
6TH VOICE: Oh, traitorous villainy!
2ND VOICE: They shot from there.
1ST VOICE: No, that way.
3RD VOICE: Did you see?
4TH VOICE: Let's get the facts. Let's go and watch T.V.
(*crowd runs off the stage to the* right, *shouting.*)
CROWD: C'mon, c'mon!
It's that way!
Yeah!
Let's go!
(*One policeman remains on the stage and takes a piece of paper out of his pocket.*)
COP: It says the shots will be from that way sent. (*pointing toward tall building on left*)
(*earnestly*) I'll get that skunk who killed our president!
(*Cop strides off toward building with determination.*)

ACT I, SCENE VI

(*The public street. Crowd drifts back in. Among them Lady MacBird to one side: Ted and Bobby over to the other side, looking furtive: and the cop with a rifle in his hand.*)
3RD VOICE: The nation weeps as one. All work is stopped.
The men desert the plants. The schools are shut.
The housewife leaves her pots; the food is burnt.
The cars and public busses quit their routes.
All private cares forgotten, strangers stop
And ask each other questions on the street.
1ST VOICE: What news?
2ND VOICE: I heard they've taken someone in.
LADY MACBIRD: (*to cop*) Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
COP: He's a notorious traitor. Here, take this weapon
(*hands it to someone*)
Which I have just discovered on the spot.
1ST VOICE: Why'd he do it?
3RD VOICE: Has the cur denied it?
COP: The wretch in part confessed his villainy.
LADY MACBIRD: Where is the viper? Bring the villain forth!
(*enter MacBird*)
MACBIRD: (*striding to center of stage*)
That snake is dead who killed our president.
1ST VOICE: What—dead?
2ND VOICE: Who did it?
3RD VOICE: Wherefore did he so?
MACBIRD: Who could refrain when Ken O'Dunc lies dead?
Who could be calm that saw that scoundrel grin?
Who could be loyal yet neutral? I tell thee, no man.
BOBBY: (*whispering to Ted*) What should be spoken here I dare not say.
TEDDY: What will you do? We are the rightful heirs.
BOBBY: Keep still. The nearer in blood, the nearer bloody.
TEDDY: There's something rotten in the state of Texas.
VOICE: Lady MacBird is fainting!
LADY MACBIRD: Oh, some air . . .
(*She falls to the ground. Great hubbub around the fainted Lady MacBird*)
1ST VOICE: What's next?
3RD VOICE: The world's gone mad!
4TH VOICE: This country's doomed!
MACBIRD: (*stepping up on stoop or stool and addressing crowd in deliberate grand manner.*)
Good countrymen, this madness must abate.
Be calm, my friends; I speak as head of state.

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Act II

(*Bobby and Ted on stage*)
TEDDY: What should we do?
BOBBY: This murderous gun that's shot
Is not yet empty, so our safest course
Is to avoid its aim.
TEDDY: Well then, let's flee.
BOBBY: You make a better target when you're bounding
Through empty fields, a silhouetted form.
I think it's safer milling in the herd
Where any shot may hit another mark.
The hunter must give pause when he observes
A single shot may cause a wild stampede.
TEDDY: Then you'll stay here?
BOBBY: At least until I know
What forces may be brought against MacBird.
TEDDY: I'll go. You stay. Denounce him to the world.
BOBBY: No good, not yet. Let's fight with subtle words
Till time lends friends and friends their trusted swords.
(*exit Teddy*)
A man, full man, I need to fight with me.
(*enter Egg of Head*)
Lord Stevenson, the Egg of Head! How now?
EGG: No feeble words of mine can hope to ease
This double grief, the nation's and your own.
Oh, what a noble mind was here brought down!
The statesman's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,
The expectancy and rose of this fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mold of form,
Supreme in war and this our hope for peace,
The believed of all believers—quite, quite dead.
And I, of statesmen most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his many vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign leader
His silver skin laced with his own bright blood,
That unmatched form and feature of grown youth,
Blasted with a rifle. Woe is me!
To see what I have seen; see what I shall see!
BOBBY: Again, Great Egg, your tongue gilds even death.
Your well-draped words oft veil a bloody fact.
(*conspiratorially*) "To see what I have seen; see what I shall see."
Perhaps you share my fears of what's to come.
Perhaps you share my doubts on what was done.
EGG: I've heard some talk, I've thought some thoughts, but I
Prefer to wait, to give MacBird a chance.
This new regime, though watered with warm blood,
May grow and bloom in peace. As to your doubts,
There's rumors round but I have seen no proof.
BOBBY: There's proof enough for one who wants to see.
EGG: To see or not to see? That is the question.
Whether 'tis wiser as a statesman to ignore
The gross deception of outrageous liars,
Or to speak out against a reign of evil
And by so doing, end there for all time
The chance and hope to work within for change.
To work within the framework, there's the rub.
For who would bear the whips and scorns from boors,
The oppressor's wrongs, the proud man's contumely,
The insolence of office and the spurns
My patient merit of this braggart takes—
But for the fear of something worse than death.
In speaking out one loses influence.
The chance for change by pleas and prayers is gone.
The chance to modify the devil's deeds
As critic from within is still my hope.
To quit the club! Be outside looking in!
This outsideness, this unfamiliar land
From which few travellers ever get back in—
It puzzles mind, it paralyzes will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Security makes cowards of us all.
I fear to break; I'll work within for change.
BOBBY: MacBird permits no critics from within.
He draws the line and all are forced to toe.
You're with him or against him, get that straight.
Your safety, sir, demands his overthrow.
EGG: I know you think I'm acting like a toad,
But still I choose the middle of the road.
(*exit Egg of Head: exit Bobby*)

(*MacBird's presidential office. On the wall behind his desk is a huge 40-foot picture of Lyndon Johnson. Office furniture is impressively official but includes a rocking chair. On stage is MacBird's Crony.*)
CRONY: You've got it now, just like those weirdos said—
His room, his desk, his throne-like rocking chair.
You live as lord while he lies cold and dead.
Yet Ken O'Dunc alone shall leave an heir.
(*Enter MacBird surrounded by his entourage, which includes the same advisors who surrounded Ken O'Dunc.*)
MACBIRD: What do you mean, "they're all talking"? Who's talking?
1ST MAN: The older one is button-holing people, telling them all kinds of things.
MACBIRD: What do you mean "all kind of things"? What things?
1ST MAN: Well actually, nothing specific. He's just suggesting things.
3RD MAN: He really doesn't say anything, but everyone's listening to him.
MACBIRD: If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a yellow-bellied hypocrite. If a man's got something to say, let him step right up and say it to your face.
4TH MAN: Listen boss, it's only one guy whining a little. He's just a sore loser. Everybody can tell that. What harm can he do?
MACBIRD: In this business we all have our enemies. And I know I'm not immune to personal attacks either. But personal attacks are one thing. We're talking about attacks on the president of the United States. The president needs concensus and unity. I love my country and I love her government. I will suffer much slander myself, suffer in silence. But I will not permit attacks upon our president. Do you all understand that?
ALL: Yes sir. Yes sir.

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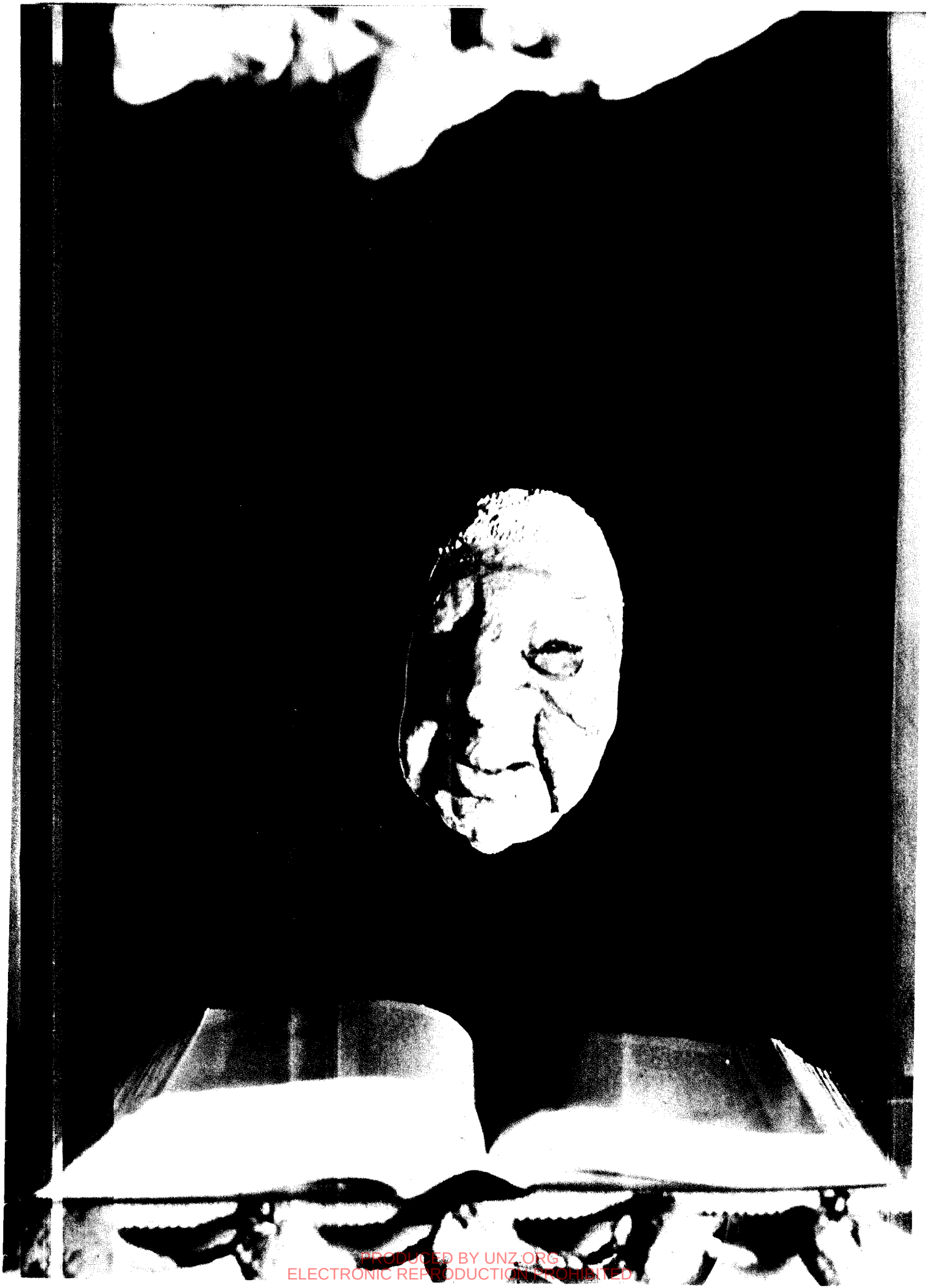

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MACBIRD: What about the younger brother?
3RD MAN: He's flying to Boston. At least that's what I heard.
MACBIRD: (*distinctly*) Have I no friends wh'll rid me of these living fears?
(*Secretary pokes her head in at the door.*)
SECRETARY: The Earl of Warren's here.
MACBIRD: Well, send him in.
EARL: My lord, you sent for me.
MACBIRD: I know; sit down.
(*Earl sits down: MacBird remains standing, pacing, etc.*)
My predecessor's death has grieved the nation.
EARL: Indeed, he was beloved.
MACBIRD: Indeed, quite right. (*gruffly*)
Now some few folks whose wits are crazed with grief
Still seek a villain, chase a phantom foe.
Although the killer's killed, they cannot rest.
And I desire to set their minds at ease.
EARL: Small doubts still flit like fleas throughout the nation.
MACBIRD: That's why I'd like a full investigation,
Conducted by a man of such repute
That we may put an end to all these doubts.
That man is you.
EARL: O curséd spite!
That ever I was born to set things right.
MACBIRD: I don't believe you understand the job.
I wouldn't say you're asked to set things *right*.
I think you get the point.
EARL: Oh, whine and pout,
That ever I was born to bury doubt.
MACBIRD: You get the picture now.
EARL: I can't accept.
MACBIRD: Cannot accept? Your nation needs you, boy.
In times of crisis, confidence is key.
Respect for law and leaders guides this land.
If folks suspect their leaders, law breaks down.
You'd help destroy the very law you love.
Just think about those law-abiding folk
That should be sheltered from despair and doubt.
Those simple people need their trusting faith.
They count on us to work their problems out.
EARL: It's too confusing. Let me think it out.
MACBIRD: Earl, you and I must tolerate confusion.
We bear this load to save them their illusion.
EARL: I cannot go against the needs of conscience.
MACBIRD: Forget your needs as I forget my own.
Private likes and dislikes must give way.
For their sake, share this load I bear alone.
Your nation is awaiting what you say.
EARL: This tragic ambiguity makes me hesitant.
But duty wins. I'm with you, Mr. President.
MACBIRD: (*slapping him on back*) Well, well, I knew that you'd come through.
EARL: Adieu, MacBird.
MACBIRD: So long, you'all.
EARL: Adieu.
(*Exit Earl of Warren.*)
MACBIRD: A man of honor; mighty rare these days.
(*Secretary sticks her head in at the door.*)
SECRETARY: The press is here.
MACBIRD: Jes' let 'em cool their heels.
(*Secretary closes door, leaves.*)
MACBIRD: (*to self*) I've got ta write this speech to meet the press. (*settling at desk, taking up pen*)
Now, how do I convey my earnestness,
The agony I suffer silently
While cares of state are tearing me apart;
My deep concern for every living soul
Contrasted with the grandeur of my vision.
Now, how to make one interview show that . . .
(*MacBird becomes absorbed in writing. At other end of the room, two members of his entourage conspire together.*)
1ST MAN: Did you not hear MacBird, the way he said,
"Have I no friends will rid me of this living fear?"
Wasn't it so?
2ND MAN: Those were his very words.
1ST MAN: "Have I no friends," he said, and so distinct.
He said it with a meaning.
2ND MAN: That he did.
1ST MAN: And saying it, I thought he looked at me
As if to say, "I wish you were that friend
To rid me of this terror in my heart."
He meant, of course, those brothers. Come, let's go.
I am that friend will rid him of his foe.
(*Exit two men.*)
MACBIRD: (*picking up phone*) Okay, Miss Mayor, send the newsmen in.
(*Newsmen enter chattering. They set up cameras, microphones, lights, teleprompter. MacBird shakes some hands, slaps some backs, etc., then returns to pose at his desk. Noise dies down; hushes are heard.*)
NEWSMEN: Pipe down, be still. MacBird's about to speak.
(*Silence. MacBird rises to his feet.*)
MACBIRD: A tragic twist of fateful sorrow, friends,
Made me your President that fearful day.
And I shall be the President of all:
Not just the rich, not just the fortunate,
Not just the folks who vote for me, but *all* (*ominous or emphatic*)
And stretching out beyond our nation's shores,
To East and West around this seething globe,
Where constant conflagrations blaze and rage,
We mean to be the fireman of peace,
Dousing flames with freedom's forceful flow.
Our highest goal is peace, but in its quest
We shall not fear to use our righteous might.
In short, we seek that Pox Americana
That all the Freedom-Loving world desires.
The unity of all alone contents us.
We plan to guide this planet by consensus.
(*Pause. Applause. Reporters raise their hands and MacBird nods to one.*)
REPORTER: Your majesty, how do you view our future?
MACBIRD: I'm glad you asked that, Bob—I have a dream.
We have an opportunity to move
Not only toward the rich society,
But upwards toward the Grand Society.
My Grand Society has room for all;
For each, a house, a car, a family,
A private psychoanalyst, a dog,
And rows of gardens, neatly trimmed and hedged.
This land will be a garden carefully pruned.
We'll lop off any branch that looks too tall,

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That seems to grow too lofty or too fast.
And any weed that springs up on our soil,
To choke the plants I've neatly set in rows,
Gets plucked up root and all, by me, MacBird—
And this I do for you, my wholesome flowers.
I see a garden blooming undisturbed
Where all the buds are even in their rows.
An ordered garden, sweet with unity,
That is my dream; my Grand Society.
(*Applause from reporters which finally dies down.*)
MACBIRD: I thank you, gentlemen. Next question, please.
REPORTER: Your majesty, how do you plan to deal
With rebel groups which thrive in Viet Land?
MACBIRD: What rebel groups? Where is this Viet Land?
Who gave them folks permission to rebel?
Lord MacNamara, valiant chief of war,
What is this place I've just been asked about?
MACNAMARA: It's way off to the East, 8000 miles.
A little land we're trying to subdue.
MACBIRD: What crap is this "we're *trying* to subdue"?
Since when do we permit an open challenge
To all the world's security and peace?
Rip out those Reds! Destroy them, root and branch!
Deploy whatever forces you think we need!
Eradicate this noxious, spreading weed!
MACNAMARA: Your word is my command. Your will is done.
That land will be subdued ere set of sun.
(*Exit MacNamara; MacBird turns back to press.*)
MACBIRD: Gentlemen, I thank you all for coming.
You're now dismissed.
ALL: Thank *you*, your majesty.
(*Reporters begin to file out. Handshakes; cameras removed, etc. A small cluster gathers.*)
REPORTER 1: What a shit!
REPORTER 2: I guess you've heard the rumors.
REPORTER 1: Rumors, hell! I heard him here today.
REPORTER 3: The world is gonna be his private garden.
Defoliating weeds and lopping branches.
(*MacBird ambles over toward the group.*)
REPORTER 2: Watch out or you'll be weeded out yourself.
MACBIRD: (*backslapping*) How'd it go? You know I'm new at this, heh, heh.
REPORTERS: Oh, fine.
MACBIRD: I hope your story's good enough
So I can ask you *all* back here next time.
(*They start to move off.*)
MACBIRD: Write it well now.
REPORTER 1: Yes sir-ree.
REPORTER 2: Will do.
MACBIRD: (*calling as they leave*) My secretary's waiting in the hall
With autographéd photos for you all.
(*Reporters leave, except for one or two at the door. MacBird turns to Crony.*)
MACBIRD: By ding! That press confab went off real well.
I hit it off just fine with all the boys.
But editors will twist the story round.
They're all against me viciously, you know.
(*Enter Lady MacBird followed by her two daughters. Lady MacBird is carrying a giant bouquet of flowers. She is distraught. The daughters carry aerosol cans. Lady MacBird sniffs around the room, gasping at a foul odor. She stops at MacBird.*)
LADY MACBIRD: Here's the smell. Out, out damned odor, out!
(*Daughters press aerosol sprays.*)
The smell of blood is still within my nostrils.
MACBIRD: (*tense, whispering to Lady MacBird*)
My dearest sparrow, cut this nonsense out!
DAUGHTER 1: She's been this way or worse for several days now.
DAUGHTER 2: We have to follow after her with air-wick,
For every several steps she stops and sniffs
And crying out, "There's blood upon this spot!",
She makes us spray to mask the phantom smell.
DAUGHTER 1: And everywhere she goes, she carries flowers.
DAUGHTER 2: The rooms are sickly sweet with perfumed plants.
DAUGHTER 1: I think our mother's finally flipped her lid.
(*Lady MacBird has been wandering around the room. Now she speaks distractedly.*)
LADY MACBIRD: Flowers by the roadside . . .Plant these flowers . . .
Let all the land be lined with living blooms.
Yet all the petals of a summer's roses
Can never sweeten this accursed land.
MACBIRD: (*to Lady MacBird*) Be calm, sweet bird. (*to others*) She's often like this . . . nerves . . .
To ease your frenzied wits, we will decree
That all our highways shall be lined with flowers.
(*speechifying to press near door*)
We all applaud the lofty dedication
With which you seek to beautify our nation.
(*pushing Lady MacBird out the door with daughters*)
And now, sweet woodchuck, charming chickadees,
Go chirping off and tend your household chores.
(*Lady MacBird exits, and her sighs and exclamations, along with the whish of air-wick, are heard off stage. MacBird sinks down at the desk with discouragement. MacNamara enters excitedly.*)
MACNAMARA: MacBird!
MACBIRD: Good God, what's next?
MACNAMARA: The matter's urgent.
It's touching on our war in Viet Land.
That pacifying program we embarked on
Did not compel surrender, as we hoped.
A new approach is desperately required.
MACBIRD: Are we, or are we not, the strongest power?
MACNAMARA: Of course we are.
MACBIRD: Then why this blabbering?
MACNAMARA: Yes sir, but we've run into complications
Which must be settled soon.
MACBIRD: (*sigh*) Then come with me.
(*they walk together toward exit*)
I git to be a-weary o' this show
And wish my country didn't need me so.

These are extensive excerpts from the first half of MACBIRD. *The complete play is available in paperback form* (*see advertisement on page 52*). MACBIRD *is scheduled to be produced off-Broadway in December by A. Y. Productions, under the direction of Roy Levine.* *Copyright 1966 by Barbara Garson.*

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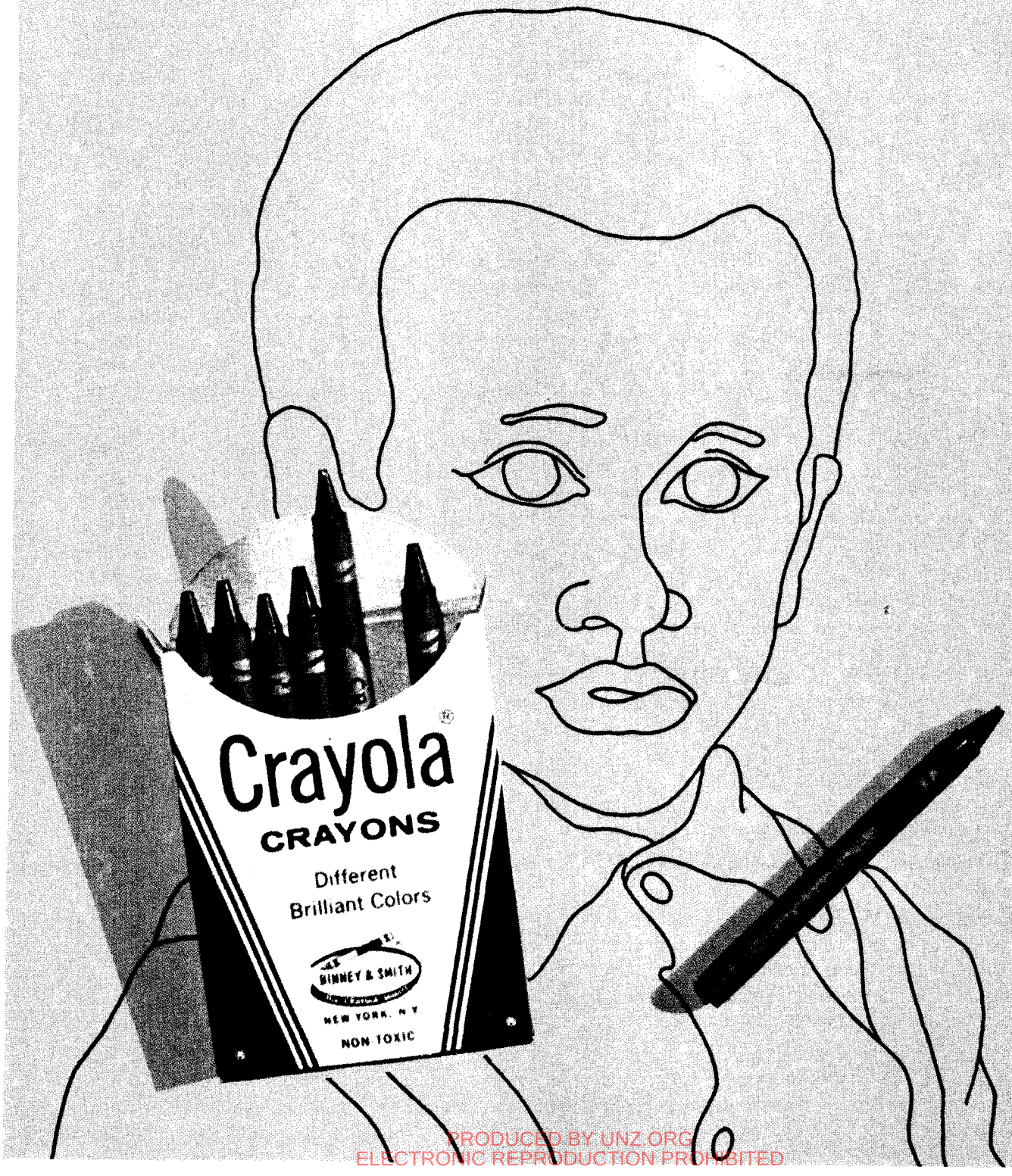
Color Black Gloomy



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Whitney Young leaned back on the yellow vinyl couch in his seventh-floor, 52nd Street office, and stared thoughtfully at the ceiling. Then he said: "Maybe if Roy Wilkins and Martin Luther King and I gave up and got our guns out, the white people would listen."

He lowered his graying head and threw a wry grin toward his visitor, to underscore the fantasy of his image, and added quickly, "It won't happen that way, of course. But what could happen is that Roy will take one of those ambassadorships they're always offering him, and I could take one of those corporation vice-presidencies or something, and we'll tell you white people to go to hell."

Chances are that won't happen either—but it could, because behind the bizarre conjectures by the hard-working director of the National Urban League was a profound despair. This despair, a deep conviction that ten years of feverish activity have added up to nothing, is suddenly a pervasive gray mist that has permeated the Civil Rights Movement. It has spread because the American Negro is worse off today than he was in 1954.

White Movement activists, in the meantime, are left feeling helpless by the call for "Black Power." They regard as unrealistic Negro suggestions that they should organize among whites in the suburbs—and the Movement has nothing else for them to do. "A lot of students here would like to do something," says a white Movement veteran at Harvard, "but they don't know what to do. I think you could get as many volunteers out of here today for civil rights projects as you ever could. The problem is, nobody is asking for volunteers."

Hindsight makes it easy to criticize the Movement for what it has not done. Even Whitney Young admits that "the Movement has never really attacked" the overall problems of black Americans. But Young and others are quick to point out that the Movement since 1954 has not really failed. It has done what, despite its often overblown rhetoric and its simplistic appeal of "Freedom Now," it actually set out to do: it has erased most of the legal bases for segregation.

In addition, it has given millions of Negroes what Martin Luther King calls "a sense of somebodiness," a feeling of worth and dignity—and as a corollary, an insistent feeling of aspiration. The Movement gave thousands of Southern Negroes their first contact with whites who treated them as equal human beings. And the Movement has meant that middle-class Negroes, despite the scars of prejudice, now have an easier time getting jobs (Negro PhD's have it made); some visible integration these days is a sign that you run an enlightened business.

But when these accomplishments have been noted, the bitter facts remain. After more than a decade of the Civil Rights Movement, the black American in Harlem and Haynieville, Baltimore and Bogalusa, is worse off today than he was ten years ago. There are more Negroes in segregated schools, more Negroes in segregated housing, and Negro unemployment is higher. The Movement's leaders know it, and it is the source of their despair.

[THE MYTH OF THE NEGRO REVOLUTION]

BECAUSE OF ITS ACCOMPLISHMENTS, and because the declining economic position of the Negro, though more important, is less dramatic and consequently less well known, most of America thinks Negroes are winning. Whites in Chicago, Mexican-Americans in Los Angeles, Puerto Ricans in New York increasingly grumble that "the Negro is getting it all—what about us?" Liberals read about the War on Poverty and the Job Corps. Conservatives form kooky groups like New York's SPONGE—Society for the Prevention of the Negro Getting Everything—under the genuine delusion that the Negro *is* getting everything.

The Civil Rights Movement has failed to dent the Northern ghettos. It has failed to affect school segregation North or South. But the rest of America—with the same ease with which the antebellum white Southerner accepted the Myth of the Happy Slave—has blandly accepted the Myth of the Negro Revolution.

It feels good. We can sip our Gibsons and toast the Revolution, lead our normal lives without substantial change and think of ourselves as revolutionaries. The word has been everywhere since the Montgomery boycott: The New York Times subtitled a book on the Movement *The Second American Revolution*; another book is titled *The Negro Revolution.* Intellectuals, newspapers, and Movement leaders have eagerly snapped up the phrase.

The tenets of the Myth are simple: The black American since 1954 has steadily advanced toward equality, he still has some distance to go, and (usually voiced only in times of demonstrations or riots) he will get there faster if he doesn't push so hard.

Time magazine says, "The Negro has made spectacular progress in the past decade." Editor John Fischer of Harper's says, "The decisive battles have been won. No matter how stubbornly pockets of resistance in the Deep

by Gene Marine & Adam Hochschild

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South (and some Northern cities) may hold out, the result is no longer in question. The rest is a mopping up operation, like the war in Europe after Bastogne."

Though Mr. Fischer may think the Negroes have passed Bastogne, the facts put them back in Normandy and in danger of being pushed into the Channel.

Cornell Professor Robin M. Williams Jr. told the American Sociological Association's 1966 convention, "Not only the absolute numbers, but the proportion of Negro children going to segregated schools have increased since 1954." Every available statistic bears this out.

In the North, *de facto* school segregation is rapidly increasing as Negro ghettos expand (one-half of all black Americans now live in 15 urban centers). In Chicago, for instance, between 1963-64 and 1964-65, the percentage of Negro children in predominantly Negro schools rose from 87.8 to 89.2. For high schools, the figure jumped from 63.8 per cent to 68 per cent.

About the South, the Wall Street Journal said early this year that "only 6 to 7.5 per cent of the Negro students . . . are attending desegregated schools; in some states, such as Mississippi and Louisiana, the figure is less than one per cent." Nor is that the whole story.

In Taliaferro County, Georgia, for example, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the NAACP won a court decision in October, 1965, "integrating" 87 Negro students; by November, half had been driven back to the Negro school by intimidation, and the others were in an integrated school—but in segregated classrooms. After another legal intervention, the classrooms were integrated, with white pupils in the front and, behind a six-foot gap, the Negro pupils in the rear.

Yet the Myth goes on. The Atlantic, in a "Report from Alabama," in May, 1966, cheerfully told its readers that "gradually, the integration of the South's public facilities *and schools* [our emphasis] is becoming a habit."

Only children go to school; but everybody needs money. Last year, President Johnson said that "between 1949 and 1959, the income of Negro men relative to white men declined in every section of this country. From 1952 to 1963, the median income of Negro families compared to whites actually dropped from 57 per cent to 53 per cent." In some places it's worse; in Watts, for instance, both comparative *and* actual Negro income levels steadily declined between 1960 and 1965.

Arthur Ross, commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, held a press conference in September at which he reported that between April and August of this year, while the unemployment rate for whites remained about 3.4 per cent, it increased among Negroes from 7 per cent to 8.2 per cent (among young Negroes entering the labor force the rise was much greater). Ross said that his Bureau had avoided playing up the difference until it knew whether the difference was "a mere month-to-month variation or something more serious. Unfortunately," he added, "it seems to be the latter."

Just how much "more serious" is Negro joblessness is suggested in a drab-looking mimeographed manuscript in thin green cardboard covers that was presented to the President and Congress early this year. It was the official report of the elegantly named National Commission on Technology, Automation and Economic Progress; its 14 signatories include Walter Reuther, Edwin H. Land and Daniel Bell. Buried in a mass of charts and graphs and dry Federal prose is one explosive sentence:

"If nonwhites continue to hold the same proportion of jobs in each occupation as in 1964, the nonwhite unemployment rate in 1975 will be more than five times that for the labor force as a whole."

That's one hell of a forecast. The report does go on to say that the rate might not be so great (two and a half times instead of five) if Negroes continue "upgrading" jobs at their present rate. But that's a pretty tenuous "if," given the reluctance of labor unions to share a declining number of union jobs with Negroes.

[THE WIDENING GAP]

THE MIGRATION of Negroes which began as a trip to the land of promise in earlier days—when unskilled blue collar jobs were plentiful in the North—has now become forced and desperate. In the Mississippi Delta, where 27 per cent of the cotton was mechanically harvested as recently as 1958, the figure is now over 80 per cent. No Mississippi Freedom Labor Union can fight something like that.

Even the North isn't what it used to be. "No other immigrant group," writes Daniel Patrick Moynihan, "came upon the [urban] scene at a moment of declining employment opportunities." Thus the Negro is having a hard time working his way up from the bottom the way the Irish and the Italians did. "Increasingly," notes critic Tom Kahn, "There is no bottom to start at."

During the 1950's there were fewer blue collar jobs than white collar jobs for the first time in American history, a neat index of increasing automation. Yet during that same decade, the proportion of Negro men in blue collar jobs rose from 64 to 67 per cent. And within the category of blue collar jobs, Negroes are trapped in just the unskilled and semi-skilled positions automation is eating away.

Protesting liberals argue that the Cold War and Vietnam are holding back the massive attack on poverty that would help black Americans. Of course they're right—*if* Congress would put all those billions into the ghettos

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instead of guns and missiles. But meanwhile (aside from the drastic anti-poverty measure known as selective service), the Vietnam war is raising Negroes' relative income for the first time in a decade, and may make more jobs available. If anything, Vietnam may become known as Johnson's boldest answer to the Negro "problem." But it is a difficult solution to argue, least of all publicly.

In the age of automation, black Americans are filling a new and curious role. Increasingly, it is not just the bad jobs they are absorbing, but the blankness of no jobs at all. By doing so, they are protecting the rest of us from facing the full implications of our galloping technology. They are a unique shock absorber, a thin margin of protection between the rest of America and the growing dislocation of automation. Because so many of the people in that layer of technological unemployment are black, it is a bit easier for the rest of us to accept.

Of course the plight of Negroes is caused by far more than automation and unemployment. The heritage of slavery, illiteracy and abject poverty would be there in any case, as would the deep and complicated white racism which so pervades our society. But attacking unemployment is easier than rubbing centuries of prejudice out of men's minds and in a rational society it would be the first order of business.

The Myth of the Negro Revolution is there, if you're white, to comfort you. The reality behind the Myth is a disturbing one indeed, and most disturbing of all is the scope of the social change necessary to cure what we so casually call "the Negro problem"—as if it were not that of whites as well. When Mayor Lindsay told a congressional committee it was going to take $50 billion to attack the problems of New York City, he was beginning to delineate the disturbing outlines of that necessary change.

"The War on Poverty," John Hersey wrote, "waged for victory rather than lip service, will doubtless cost fully as much as the war against Nazism and Japanese militarism. We haven't yet even begun to think in terms adequate to the enemy." Thinking in those terms is going to make laws integrating restaurants seem as insignificant as a curfew ordinance.

[SO WHAT?]

THE MOVEMENT is in despair because it has been forced to recognize the Negro Revolution as a myth. Movement leaders, unfortunately, have accepted the Myth just as much as anyone else in American society. Dr. King said as recently as September that events in Chicago constitute "a social revolution," and Roy Wilkins said last year, "We've already won. I don't mean we're all through—sometimes a war isn't ended for years after the turning point. What I mean is we are over the hill. The back of segregation is broken."

But the Movement is losing its innocence now, because unlike the rest of us, the black American in Harlem or Watts lives in a reality which myths cannot disguise. The Movement has solved most of the legal problems, but now it is face to face with the harsh economic ones—and it doesn't know what to do.

There are suggestions—but not only is there no consensus, there is nothing, even within any one organization, remotely resembling the inspired and inspiring hope one could feel in the Movement a few years ago.

Martin Luther King, Bayard Rustin and others continue to speak in moralistic terms of their "coalition of conscience." But it was clear in the Chicago marches last summer that even paper concessions were won, not because of the consciences of white Americans, but because of King's sophisticated political pressure movement—a kind of movement that will become increasingly less effective as white resentment grows.

Cleveland Robinson, president of the Negro American Labor Council, says that the key to the plight of the American Negro is unionization—unionization of both Negroes and whites—and a higher minimum wage for all workers. Adam Clayton Powell pins his hopes on the Manpower Development and Training Act ("Much more important," he says, "than the Civil Rights Bill"). A. Philip Randolph, Robinson's predecessor, has proposed a $100 billion "freedom budget," and Whitney Young—who says that he criticizes SNCC and CORE not so much for their emphasis on "Black Power" as because "they don't have a program"—proposes a vast "Marshall Plan for Negroes."

Cleveland Robinson knows full well that unionization is proceeding in the United States at a creeping pace, if at all, and that recent minimum wage improvements, meager as they are, were about all that Congress is ready to give. Powell knows that MDTA barely scratches the surface of black poverty and lack of skills. Randolph knows he isn't going to see any $100 billion "freedom budget," and Whitney Young's despair about the chances of the "Marshall Plan" he proposed nearly three years ago is what led to his facetious remark about "getting our guns out" and his not so facetious remark about ambassadorships and vice-presidencies.

The late Malcolm X had no illusions to start with: "It is the system itself that is incapable of producing freedom for the 22 million Afro-Americans. It is like a chicken can't lay a duck egg. A chicken can't lay a duck egg because the system of the chicken isn't constructed in a way to produce a duck egg; and the political and economic system of this country is absolutely incapable of producing freedom and justice and equality and human dignity for the 22 million Afro-Americans."

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Taken by some as an argument for socialism, and by Robert Penn Warren—to whom Malcolm made the statement in 1964—as an argument for black separatism, Malcolm's statement is increasingly echoed by younger Negroes and their sympathizers. Obviously he had a special appeal even for Negroes who disagreed with his ideas—Dr. King said that "when he starts talking about all that's been done to us, I get a twinge of hate, of identification with him"—and it is partly in an attempt to capture some of this appeal that Stokely Carmichael and Floyd McKissick have snapped up the idea of Black Power.

Out of despair, black America may welcome a black demagogue—or a black Messiah. There is an almost mystical feeling that another charismatic ghetto leader could somehow arise and change everything. At the moment, this—like the older Movement's "coalition of conscience"—is only a dream.

The Movement's despair is all the more poignant because it is justified: the lot of the Negro in America is not likely to improve for some time. Whitney Young, like so many older generation Movement leaders, says the change will come once the white man sees that Negro advancement is "in his own interest." In a sense he's right, but given the way the American economy is organized now, and in particular its shortage of jobs, Negro advancement is clearly *not* in the white man's "own interest." The white bricklayer, afraid that a Negro entering his union may mean no apprenticeship for his son and the white homeowner afraid for his property values both know Negro advancement will hurt them, and no amount of talk about equality and justice will convince them otherwise.

Little will be done to alleviate the Negro's economic plight until America once again feels the sense of urgency and the willingness to break with traditions that produced the New Deal. Only today it is 30 years later, and the New Deal's are the traditions we must move beyond.

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Making South America safe for U.S. tourists

by James Petras

THE JOHNSON ADMINISTRATION is containing Latin American radicalism—just like it is doing with the home grown version—by combining a seductive ability to co-opt indigenous leaders into the establishment with a coercive repression whenever that becomes necessary. During a year of postgraduate study in Latin America recently, I was amazed by the victories that LBJ is scoring. All around me I saw the effects of the American presence. The Latin American revolutionary movement is profoundly demoralized. Its leadership is in disarray, hunted down by the U.S. supported and trained counter-insurgency forces, or as is more usually the case, bought out by the lure of middle class careerism.

Despite the growing economic stagnation of Latin America, there is greater opportunity today for middle class individuals than ever before, especially if they are university educated. As the social distance between the middle and bottom has widened, the older "popular front" reform alliances are becoming less feasible—the old partners no longer share common interests and outlooks. Many of the former revolutionary middle class intellectuals, because of recent openings in the new international institutions, the research foundations or the new U.S. sponsored planning agencies, have become inactive or have cut themselves off from radical political movements. They aspire to achieve a successful professional career—just as many of their counterparts in the U.S.

Not infrequently I visited with accommodated middle class families. Many of the leaders of the Chilean left, for example, live in the affluent *Las Condes* area. One afternoon a spokesman for the "insurrectionary" wing of the Chilean left invited me to dinner. Walking to his place I noted all the streets were named after the States: Virginia, California, etc. This whole area was financed by a joint U.S. private and governmental group. The sequel of course was that we had a barbecue cook-out in a patio not much different from those in U.S. suburbs. Yet within five minutes riding distance is a shanty-town where there is neither electricity, potable water nor a paved road. This contrast in life style is matched by the "insularity" of the middle class intellectuals.

While in Peru I met with an intellectual who had been a leader in the recent armed revolutionary ferment. He discussed the perspectives of his group: the question of guerrilla warfare, the problems of creating cadres, etc. He spoke as one who had been involved with considerable personal risk in a number of "actions." He seemed to be a committed revolutionary. One month later I received word that he had a scholarship and was off to Europe for two years, leaving the organization and the members disoriented by his sudden departure.

In Argentina I met an economist whom I knew quite well as a graduate student in Berkeley. We spent considerable time discussing and criticizing the current state of

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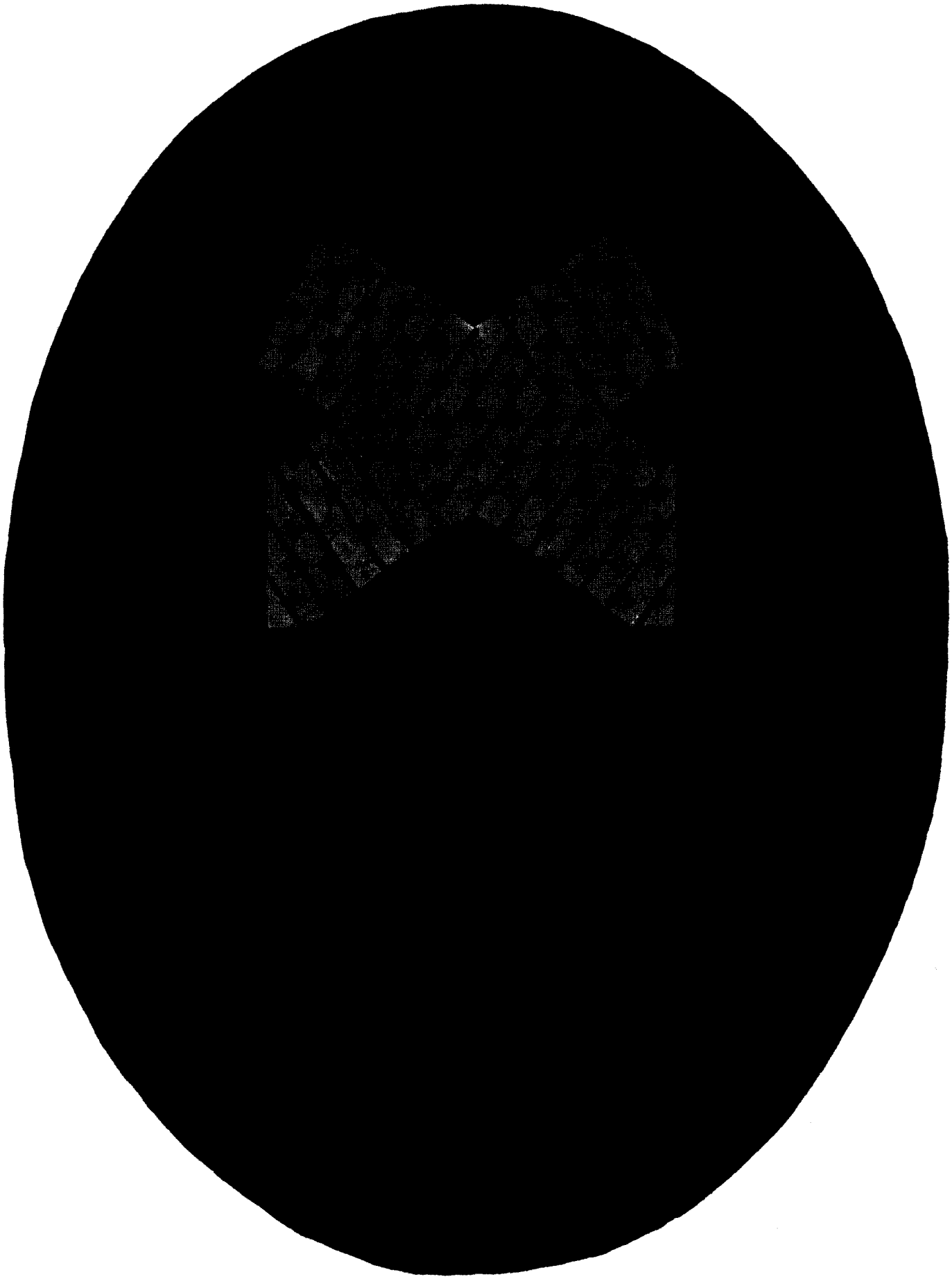

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affairs. He presented himself as a kind of Catholic-democratic-socialist: someone committed to basic reforms and deeply troubled by the upcoming coup (everybody expected it). One week before the coup I received a letter from him which ended with a standard joke about "the boom is over, the crisis is coming; workers of the world unite." Two weeks after the coup; an Argentine sociologist (who was in the process of losing his job) wrote and mentioned that our economist friend was now the top economic advisor to the economic minister of the military dictatorship. The opportunity came and . . .

Probably the most ironic case of political opportunism occurred with the Chilean sociologist who took credit for exposing the Pentagon-financed Camelot Project (a study whose purpose was to study civil warfare in order to destroy Latin American popular insurgency). This fellow who was so vehement in his denunciation of U.S. academicians as tools of the Pentagon, six months later became the official pollster of the Frei government. His questionnaires contained questions that left little doubt about his objectivity: one, loaded to elicit a positive response to a government authorized massacre of 38 copper miners, asked if the interviewee preferred a government which wheeled and dealed or one which was firm in its dealings.

[$1,000 A MONTH FOR EX-REVOLUTIONARIES]

THE EX-REVOLUTIONARY INTELLECTUAL drawing close to $1,000 a month from international agencies is producing studies that are seldom read and even more rarely implemented. Over coffee he still engages in conversations over real issues: U.S. imperialism and the indigenous ruling class; but it is easier to walk under the shady trees back to the office and pretty secretaries than to try to organize the mushrooming slums and toothless ragpickers against the violence of the Latin American oligarchies. The moral dilemma and personal tragedies that confront the Latin American intellectual can be best illustrated by the different careers chosen by two former student activists at the University of San Marcos. One chose the path of upward mobility and personal opportunity; he became a highly successful professional in the existing society. The other was killed after a desperate attempt to implement his university ideals by choosing the road of revolutionary struggle.

Guillermo Lobatón, the Peruvian guerrilla leader was recently killed and his body mutilated. The official in charge of directing the expeditionary force was, during his student days, a close friend of Lobatón. More than that, both were active in the leftist student movement. After a clash with police both men were arrested and spent time together in jail. Upon graduation Lobatón, one of the most brilliant students of his class, went to study in Europe. He returned to Peru convinced that only a revolution would end the misery of the poor and the spoilation of national resources. In the meantime his friend had accommodated himself to the elite and had advanced to a high position in the government. This set the stage for the confrontation which resulted in Lobatón's death.

It is a mistake, then, to see U.S. policy as purely repressive: the carrot exists along with the stick. Along with the military repression are opportunities for ambitious middle class individuals. But for those intellectuals, who resist the seduction of a professional career and remain steadfast in their commitment to social democracy and national dignity—there awaits the violence of the state and a prefabricated grave. Since the early 1960's there has hardly been a single guerrilla leader who has neither been taken prisoner nor committed "suicide" once captured. Perhaps John Hopkins Professor Phillip Taylor's recommendation at a seminar on "Democratic Thought" casts some light: "The violence and subversion in Venezuela will only end when the government decides to commit a score of homicides, thus putting an end to the directing heads of the wave of terrorism that affects this country."

[CARE AND FEEDING OF THE MILITARY]

ON ANOTHER FRONT, U.S. policy is geared to professionalizing, disciplining, and indoctrinating the military. An authoritative account of U.S. influence over the Venezuelan army appears in *Venezuela: U.S. Army Area Handbook*, prepared by American University's Foreign Areas Studies Division SORO (Special Operations Research Office). It discloses that the U.S. military mission numbering several hundred individuals is the largest in Latin America and is indispensable to even the procedural functioning of the Venezuelan navy. The U.S. Air Force mission has personnel stationed with each tactical unit, in all schools except the cadet school, and at Air Force headquarters. All the services use U.S. military doctrine, most texts used in the schools are direct translations; command and staff of each of the services are similar to those in the U.S.; also large numbers of officers of all services have attended service schools in the U.S. and others have received special counter-insurgency training in the Canal Zone.

The extent to which the U.S. military assistance program has "integrated" professionalized and intimidated the Latin Army is shown in the Dominican events. After the initial popular uprising, when troops of General Wessin y Wessin were in retreat, about seven or eight thousand Dominican regulars defected and went over to the

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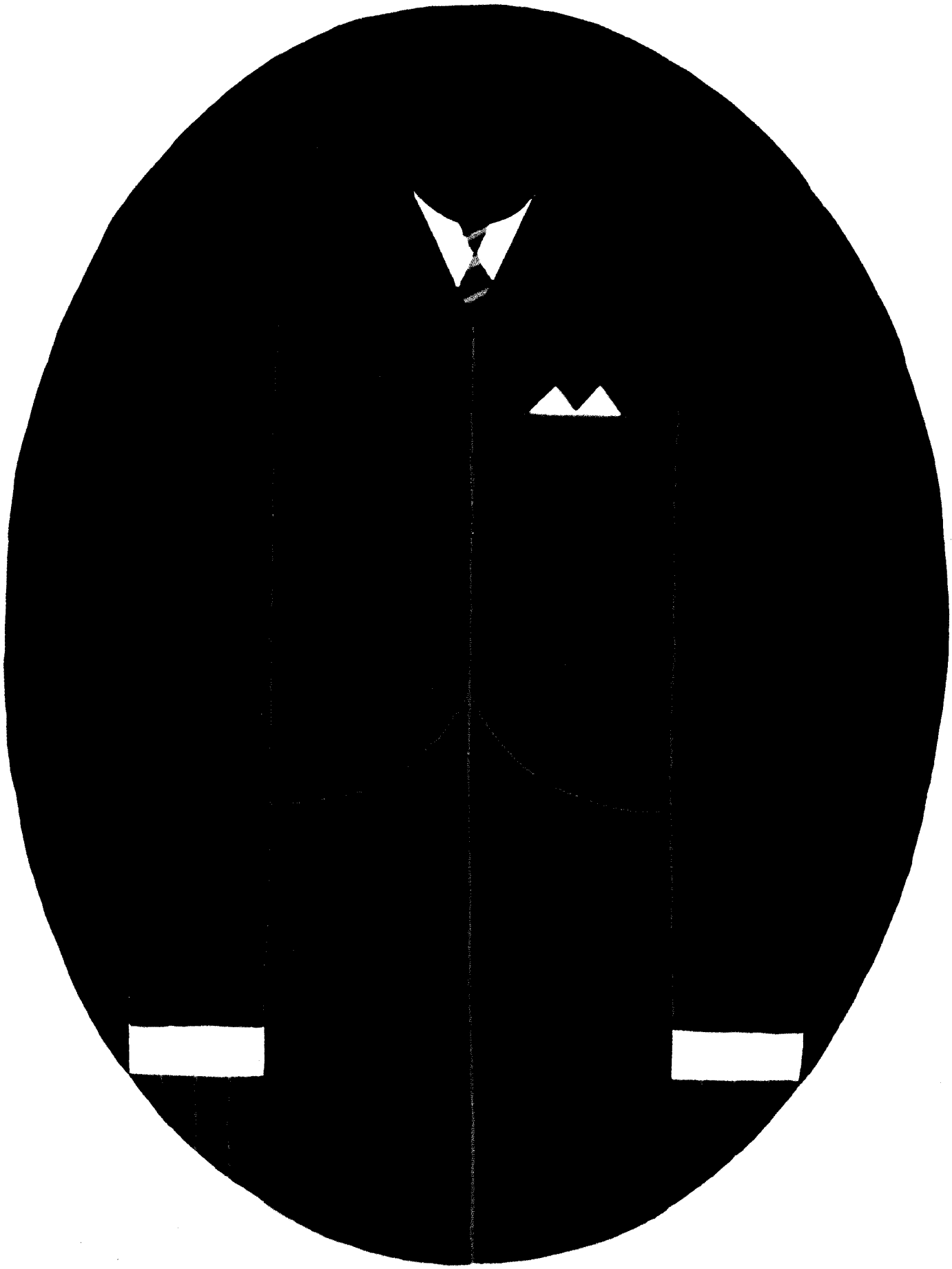

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popular revolutionary forces. The day after the U.S. marines landed, these same "Dominican" soldiers made a general exodus toward the U.S. side leaving only 1000 regular troops remaining with the Constitutionalists. The conclusion is that the bulk of the military has a first loyalty to the U.S. Marines and a secondary one to the defense of their own country.

[JOHNSON'S PAX LATIN AMERICANA]

BEYOND THESE FACTS LIES AN ANOMALY—there is in Latin America, for now, "stability," of sorts—and the U.S. is on the winning side.

For a number of years liberal critics of U.S. policy have argued that the military and interventionist policy of the U.S. in Latin America would not be successful and would cause other "Cuban disasters." These critics pointed to the necessity of developing a dialogue with the new revolutionary forces emerging in Latin America and of breaking ties with the decaying oligarchical groups. The Kennedy Administration had to some extent heeded this warning. The Johnson Administration did not. Today, President Johnson openly boasts of his policy's success: "Well, what can they say?" challenges LBJ. "We're winning militarily in Vietnam and a year ago our men were in danger of getting kicked out. The Indonesian problem has turned around. And we seem to be doing all right in the Dominican Republic. We've had no Bay of Pigs in Latin America and in Europe it's 14-1 against the French position (in NATO)." (Newsweek, Sept. 26, 1966.)

To be sure this "success" is not measured by stable democratic political systems, nor by dynamic economic growth or greater social equality. The last three years have seen socio-economic deterioration and the rise of new authoritarian, military-dominated civilian dictatorships.

But Johnson's "success" can be measured in the growing number of down the line pro-U.S. governments, and the willingness of these governments to subordinate national sovereignty and economic independence with U.S. strategic and diplomatic needs. This success of the Johnson Administration was achieved by creating new centers of power within the old social structure. The new U.S. commitment to the use of force to subdue revolutionary or reform mass movements has worked.

Washington strategists are applying a complex system calculated to determine not only how much military hardware or how many advisors to send, but how to allocate U.S. weaponry and military personnel according to the types of struggles going on. In February 1966, Secretary of Defense McNamara gave a clear statement of this calculus of violence before a joint session of the Senate Armed Services Committee and the Senate Subcommittee on Department of Defense Appropriations.

"U.S. trained units of their (Venezuela) armed forces and police have spearheaded a government campaign both in the cities and in the countryside. In Peru . . . U.S. trained and supported Peruvian army and air force units have played prominent roles in this counter-guerrilla campaign. In Colombia, U.S. training, support and equipment, including several medium helicopters have materially aided the Colombian armed forces to establish government control in the rural insurgent areas.

"Violence in the mining areas and in the cities of Bolivia has continued . . . and we are assisting this country to improve the training and equipping of its military force.

". . . We are supporting a small Guatemalan counter-insurgency force with weapons, vehicles, communications, equipment and training.

"In Uruguay protracted economic stagnation has contributed to popular unrest which recently culminated in a serious wave of strikes throughout the country. Our military assistance to Uruguay is oriented toward improving the small arms, ammunition, communications and transportation equipment of its security forces."

This military strategy has paid off and today more than two-thirds of the Latin American people live under pro-U.S. military dictators or their appointees. In several other countries the "civilian" presidents are elected by permission or agreement of the military or are the products of elections where popular opposition has been under severe attack or violently excluded.

[ACCOMMODATING THE MIDDLE CLASS]

THE HIDDEN SIDE OF THE JOHNSON SUCCESS story is that the military-political victory in Latin America by establishment of pro-U.S. governments and isolation of the Cuban revolution and the Fidelista movements is matched by the continuation of the traditional patterns of land tenure (5 per cent of the landowners own 65 per cent of the arable land), and the rigid segregation of social classes in which the wealth of the elite is matched by the misery of the poor. This short-run success which is deepening the subordination of Latin America to the U.S. is increasing the disparities in income between the social classes and between the two regions, thus preparing the way for later, perhaps more violent, confrontations.

In reality U.S. policy—including the Alliance for Progress—was primarily a plan to stabilize a region in which the U.S. exercised hegemony. Alliance operations were not geared toward structural changes but toward neutralizing or integrating the politically important but socially

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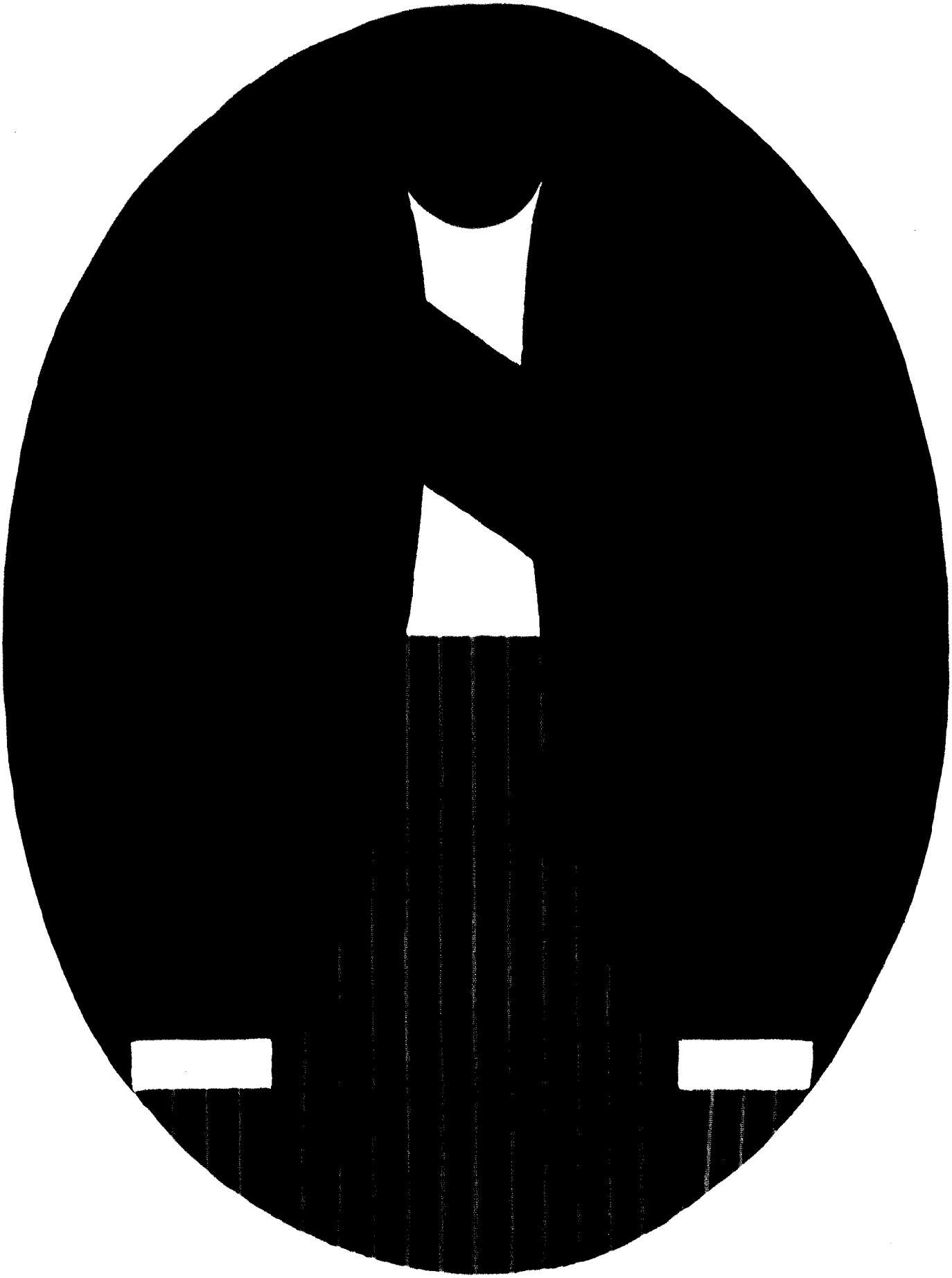

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amorphous "middle class" (professionals, businessmen, public and private employees) into society as a counterweight to lower class pressure for more basic reforms. U.S. policy oriented itself toward "accommodating" this middle class through financing housing construction (for employees), providing credits (for commercial people), and research and foundation grants (for professionals).

Latin America has had "development in stagnation"; expansion of middle class opportunity amidst growing mass poverty—and the co-opting of former rebels into the American-oriented establishment is a particularly Johnsonian manifestation of this trend.

While the slums of Lima are growing and in some cases worsening there is a building fever of new modern middle class apartments; domestic servants are in increasing demand and trips abroad are no longer the prerogative of the "oligarchy." This combination of opportunity and degrading poverty characteristic of underdeveloped capitalist societies is today much more the reality in Latin America than the older image of a traditional two class rural society. In countries like Brazil, Argentina, Chile and Uruguay where this condition has been present for years, chronic economic stagnation has set in along with a growing dependence on U.S. loans to pay for recurring debts. The "middle classes" unable to push their countries into sustained economic growth have opted for military hegemony in a desperate attempt to maintain their status and class positions against the restless and growing mass of the poor. It was to prevent a sure victory of the mainly working class based Peronist movement that General Ongania seized power in Argentina—with the televised blessing of Cardinal Caggiano. In Brazil, behind their banner "God and Country," the urban middle class marched against Goulart and against suffrage for the illiterate people, and backed the military coup.

U.S. officials in Latin America wield enormous influence especially on the level of political police intelligence. A Brazilian exile in Chile told of FBI agents present during his interrogation and torture in Rio. A Peace Corpsman told me how he was asked by Chilean embassy personnel to provide information about the leftist students in the university while another Corpsman who worked in a library was asked to toss out "commie" books that came in. Likewise, two U.S. graduate students in Chile who spoke out on Vietnam were invited to the embassy where they were advised that it would be made very hard for them to continue to stay in the country if they persisted. In a seminar I attended a couple of years ago, Edwin Martin, the former under-secretary for Latin American affairs, was asked why Latin American leftists were not allowed more often into the U.S. He replied, "We've got their party number." And they have.

A leader of the Peruvian APRA (a fanatical anti-communist group) who had previously been a member of a revolutionary group, told me that when he visited the embassy to apply for a scholarship to go to the United States, they pulled out a dossier in which all the information—including the day he entered and left the revolutionary group—was entered—down to his reasons for leaving.

[MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR U.S. TOURISTS]

U.S. PERSONNEL in Latin America can be divided into two types: those who worship U.S. power and do their jobs; and those who privately oppose or hold reservations but who do their job anyway. In both cases the result is the same—the difference only comes out at cocktail parties very late at night.

A number of ex-radicals—who still consider themselves "men of the left"—work out of the embassies. One labor attachee in Chile who, during the '30s was a left wing socialist, told a Chilean socialist friend of mine that he was still a State Department socialist.

I met a young embassy official in Peru who was a Fidelista sympathizer not too many years ago and is now a hard-nosed Johnson supporter. He came from a lower middle class Jewish family and he got through college on scholarships and hard work. He became the representative of the Greatest Power in the World in a poverty-stricken provincial Latin capital. In discussing the violent repression of Indians and peasants organizing unions to carry out an agrarian reform he declared that the natives weren't ready for democracy. "As soon as they get a little freedom," he said, "there is anarchy and the Communists take over. The military told the government to do something and the President gave them a blank check. And they went in and cleaned up the mess. Now the area is stable and the tourists are returning in flocks."

The story all over Latin America is the same. LBJ is winning and the people are losing. The popular movements are everywhere demoralized by the enormity of the task before them and by the seductive powers and enormous military potential of the U.S. presence.

Someday the widening gap between rich and poor in Latin America will lead to another Vietnam. But, for now Johnson is succeeding in making that miserable land safe for United States tourists.

Mr. Petras, recently returned from a year in Chile on a Ford Foundation fellowship, is a post-doctoral Fellow at the University of California.

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Ephemera

Dance:

STAMPING OUT OPTIMISM

by Jack Anderson

FOR APPROXIMATELY a decade, a little company known, after its founder, as the Robert Joffrey Ballet has been regarded as a company "on its way up." Surviving grueling tours and financial crises, its fortitude has finally been rewarded. This year, under the new title of City Center Joffrey Ballet, it has been named a constituent company of the New York City Center of Music and Drama. The only other ballet group ever to have received such an appointment is the prestigious New York City Ballet itself.

The fall season at City Center demonstrated that the Joffrey Ballet possesses some of the best-trained and most appealing dancers in America. However, a closer look revealed that the repertoire is rather flimsy and, in general, the dancers are more interesting than the ballets they dance. A particular disappointment was the world premiere of "These Three," a ballet which, despite its use of topical material, already looked dated on opening night and exhibited a good number of the cliches which plague contemporary American dance.

Its choreographer was Eugene Loring, who in the 1930's made dance history by creating such works as "Billy the Kid" and "Yankee Clipper," which proved to the skeptics of the day that classical ballet technique, although European in origin, could nevertheless express native American themes. "These Three" was Loring's first ballet for a New York company since 1953, and was awaited with interest.

It is based upon the 1964 murder of three civil rights workers in Mississippi. Loring did not wish to present literal danced biographies of the young men. Rather, he transformed them into quasi-symbolic figures, shown leaving friends and family to work for their cause, despite the jeers of a hostile crowd. The crowd eventually murders them. Yet at the end of the ballet, not three, but four new civil rights workers detach themselves from the crowd to take the place of the martyrs. They link hands, face offstage into the future, and the curtain falls on the implication that justice will prevail and that mankind will march ahead along the road of moral progress.

Loring's intentions and sympathies are irreproachable. Nevertheless, his ballet is sentimental and vague—so vague that the three heroes could almost as easily be delegates to a Ku Klux Klan convention. It is impossible to imagine this work as a challenge or inspiration to anybody, although its subject is one of the urgent issues of our time. Loring's simplistic approach reduces the whole problem to platitudes.

Of course, the New York dance audience believes in civil rights. In such generalized terms, everybody does. But what if Loring had grappled with more specific issues? What if he had decided to choreograph a ballet about inter-marriage? Or a ballet lauding black power? Or a tribute to Malcolm X? Or, preserving the subject he did choose, why did Loring not show *why* his three heroes decided to dedicate their lives to their cause, *why* they were greeted with hostility, and *why* he is so sure their cause will triumph? Granted that ballet, being non-verbal, is seldom able to express intellectual debate and that there are no choreographic equivalents of Shaw or Brecht; nevertheless, the sheer physicality of ballet makes it able to express the emotional realities of a situation with extraordinary eloquence.

THE ONLY EMOTION "These Three" conveys is in the nebulous optimism of its finale. This sort of optimism has been part of American dance for a long time, at least since the 1930's, when Loring began his choreographic career. It is certainly present, and in context justified, at the conclusion of his 1938 ballet, "Billy the Kid," where an impressive human frieze suggests that, despite the disruptions of the lawless, the American pioneers will succeed in taming the Wild West.

This optimism, with its dogged faith in the future, is very American in nature. At this point in our history, it may also be pernicious, something we had best stamp out for the good of our psychic and artistic health. In a recent symposium on American dance (*The Modern Dance: Seven Statements of Belief*, ed. by Selma Jeanne Cohen) dancer Pauline Koner sums up the optimism of her distinguished choreographic mentor, the late Doris Humphrey: "She never resolved her pieces on a negative note... No matter how desperate the material was, the resolution was positive."

What an amazing statements this is: *no matter how desperate the material*, there is a positive resolution to be found! It is disconcertingly close to such familiar slogans as "The power of positive thinking," "Never say die" and, if pushed to one possible extreme,

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"America is God's country" and "We never yet lost a war." Every American is familiar with this optimism. It recurs in Sunday schools and Fourth of July orations—and perhaps even in our foreign policy, as we stubbornly maintain, or even intensify, policies which have not worked in the past.

What we may have to learn is that some "desperate" situations cannot be resolved "positively." If we do not learn to recognize this vicariously through our art, our blundering may force us to face it in reality. Conceivably, one could argue that a man in a Nazi death camp or awaiting an imminent nuclear warhead may choose to die with dignity or in hysteria, and if he is able to die with dignity, this constitutes a kind of "positive" resolution. In actuality, the argument is sophistry and the term "positive" seems woefully inadequate, even perverse, in the face of such appalling alternatives.

Of all the arts today, dance seems to be the one which most frequently resorts to moral bromides. And these platitudes reside not, as might be expected, in such fairy-tale ballets as "Swan Lake" or "Sleeping Beauty" (which are deliberate fantasies and can be interpreted in the same broad fashion as one interprets classical myth), but in some of the works which sincerely try to deal with contemporary reality. Perhaps choreographers, because they daily come into direct contact with specimens of the young human body at its most beautiful and sensitive, naturally tend to be cheery in outlook. Whatever the reason, ballets like "Three Three," which attempt some kind of pertinent comment, often provide only an over-simplified view of reality.

In this respect, the other arts have fared better. Many recent, important developments in painting, theatre, "happenings," and literature seem to spring from an awareness that the world is fearsomely complicated, life is full of booby-traps, despair is real and possible, and the road to hell is paved with good intentions. Fortunately, there now are signs of comparable developments in dance.

THERE ARE TODAY a number of choreographers whose dances, while more abstract and less tied to specific current events than those of choreographers who tend to work in a more conventional style, nevertheless are better able to evoke reality in its complexity and ambiguity. Among the best-known of these choreographers are Merce Cunningham on the east coast and Ann Halperin on the west. In addition, there are younger dancers who have been influenced by them, or who independently have come to develop similar choreographic concerns. Typically, all these choreographers are occasionally denounced by their elders as being perpetrators of dances which are formless, negative, childish, tasteless, and nasty. And, in fact, a few of them are.

Many others, however, have great theatrical power. If some seem deliberately unpleasant in theme and style, this may be a natural reaction to the vaporous humanitarian uplift they seek to displace. Among the disquieting dance images in New York during the past season were Kenneth King, as a soldier in "Camouflage," enduring endless military drills broken only by simultaneously ominous and meaningless telephone conversations; Joseph Schlichter in "Cube," completely nude, thrashing about in pools of colored paint; dancers inside an inflated plastic bag slowly dismantling a chair, in Steve Paxton's "Unfinished Work: Augmented," where a disheveled housewife raptly listens to Mahler *lieder* emanating from a loudspeaker clamped to her forehead; the dancers in Merce Cunningham's "Winterbranch" struggling through a dim, bleak landscape of the soul's winter, accompanied by an anguished roaring sound which will not go away; the cast of Yvonne Rainer's "The Mind Is a Muscle" performing pleasant gymnastic movements, but with such lack of customary accent and emphasis that the audience must constantly force itself to pay attention to the task of paying attention. In works such as these, artistic media are freely mixed and aspects of reality are cut-up and reassembled in theatrical collages which range in tone from solemnity to grotesque and sinister comedy.

And, yes, there is "optimism," too, although it is sometimes expressed in unexpected ways. This summer, for instance, Ann Halperin and her company, together with a group of architects, used actual sites in San Francisco as "kinetic environments" within which, blurring the customary distinctions between art and life, the dancers explored problems involving specific types of open or crowded space, and the architects evaluated these same kinetic environments as choreographic sketches contributing to the concept of a truly human city. What could be more radically "positive" than this?

Jack Anderson is an editor of Dance Magazine.

by Barbara Garson

"... as political satire, the liveliest and most genially lethal I've read in years."
—Dwight MacDonald

"... although the play is bound to start a storm of protest (not all of it unjustified) and may even be suppressed by some government agency, it will very probably go down as one of the most brutally provocative works in the American theater, as well as one of the most grimly amusing."
—Robert Brustein
New York Times Sunday Magazine, Sept. 25, 1966

"I have nothing to say about the political truth of this play, but I am sure a kind of genius has gone into the writing."—Robert Lowell

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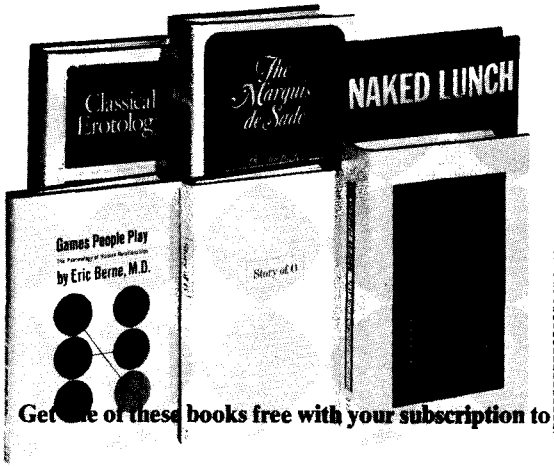

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Society:

LOVE AND HATE

by Paul Krassner

WHILE MOST elevator operators must remain content with asking what floor you want, the balding man who runs the lift in a building which houses the Janis Gallery has been given a special assignment of screening *his* passengers by age. You can get drafted at 18, but in order to view this particular collection of erotic art, you have to be 21.

Just in case the elevator operator occasionally fails in carrying out his mission, there's a Pop Pinkerton Guard upstairs, standing a few feet away from a photostat-poster containing an ancient description of incest (i.e., *The Holy Bible*, Book of Genesis, Chapter 20, Verses 30–36).

Actually, the Great Erotic Artist in the Sky and his colleagues were in no danger of being arrested, inasmuch as a private showing had already been approved by the Police Preview Board before the exhibit officially opened.

Larry Rivers contributed a sculpture *cum* portrait that was obviously a put-in: a mechanic-ish three-dimensional, nine-foot-tall Negro male, for whom electric light bulbs serve as hands and genitals, indulges in perpetual anal intercourse with a patient two-dimensional recipient of apparently neuter gender and race, boasting buttocks of red plastic.

This anti-creche was christened "Lamp Man Loves It" by Terry Southern, whose previous collaboration with Rivers was a comic strip called "The Adventures of the Vomiting Priest" that never quite came to pass.

Lamp Man's penis *per se* flashes on and off in a continuing dramatic display of alternating current and unnatural rhythm. There had been a report that the bulb was turned off, but the Janis brothers claim that anyone who wishes to may turn it on. However, the bulb was out of order. Why wouldn't they replace it? They had called Larry Rivers three times during the last three days to come over and fix it himself.

A rare pleasure, to see gallery owners display such respect for an artist's integrity.

AT THE Village Theatre, LeRoi Jones was the star of "An Evening With Pure Hate." A telephone call had threatened that 50 Ku Klux Klanners were going to cross the New Jersey border, but they never showed up.

A group of Negro children began the proceedings with an unintentional parody of a combination *bar mitzvah* speech—greeting friends, relatives "and enemies"—and a Christmas pageant.

To his credit, Jones' poetry poked fun equally at white folks (Lyndon Johnson's mother committed fellatio on a nigger she picked up "downtown, in 1928, I got proof") and colored folks ("even the ones where the wigs slide").

But, whereas sticks and stones will break a white man's bones ("He owes you anything you want, even his life"), names will never hurt a Negro ("Roy Wilkins is an eternal faggot").

Here was Instant Erasure of all the good that had previously been accomplished in a movie featuring Ray Charles inspiring the white mother of a blind boy to go out and get him an operation, the message being something along the lines of "One Man, One Eye."

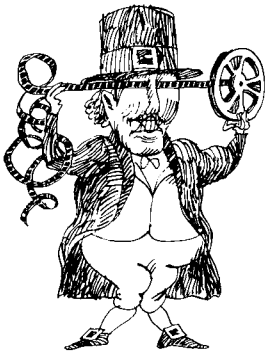
LeRoi Jones has a skillful voice and an impressive style in which to encase his definite intimations of anti-Semitism on the Left, a sort of convoluted converse to National Socialism on the Right. The Garden State KKK probably stayed away out of sheer confusion.

In the lobby of this former home of Yiddish melodrama, there was a table with cards for members of the audience to write questions on, but there was no question period.

Jones concluded with the reading of an as yet unproduced play he'd written, and the largely Negro audience loved it. Near the back of the orchestra, though, a young white couple reduced the entire performance to stereotypical absurdity by petting to anti-climax.

Simultaneously, at the Janis Gallery Lamp Man's light suddenly—magically—went on again. There had been a temporary black power failure.

Cinema:



IS HAPPINESS "LE BONHEUR"?

by Jonathan Middlebrook

"LE BONHEUR" is a movie about a provincial French couple, a provincial French mistress, and the husband's attempts to find and express a natural happiness which can include all three of them. The movie was made (written and directed) by Agnès Varda, a fact which has limited most reviewers' responses to fatuous surprise: "Only a woman could talk so frankly of love," etc. But Varda is tougher than her reviewers, and her movie at once criticizes and extends the vision of cinema 66.

Cinema 66 sees a world in a commercial art flash: chrome yellow, blue, even the Citroën gray of the *deux chevaux* is transmogrified by precise camera work into pop artifact. Varda doesn't make her stars clothes horses for Givenchy—exit at last Audrey Hepburn's posturings—but she resolutely seeks out fashion color on the objects that 1966 gives the little people to use in their daily round of creative toil. Varda sees trucks, coveralls, *café*-awnings, formica, and advertisements everywhere. And everything is clean. Unbeknownst to themselves—they are reflective sorts—François (cabinet-worker), Thérèse (housewife), their children, and Emilie (mistress), live in an idyllic world. Varda has the bell-jar of her camera over their world, examining it to the tune of W.A.—as she familiarly knows him—Mozart. Under the glass, similarities of certain Impressionist painters are magnified; Varda

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perceives a basic natural rhythm of life and the fatuousness of intellectualizing it. This world under the bell-jar is Varda's extraordinarily crafted product, and since movie-making is a commercial enterprise, the world is advertised and for sale.

The crucial fact about advertising is that it sells no product. It sells an image made from a clutch of ungratified desires on which the advertiser has hung a salable object. The buyer pays for the desire and gets the object free: no one buys a Marlboro these days, but that's a very sexy horse. Or perhaps you like the man, hat, or country. The advertising image is a still with poor resolution, but it always manages to reflect the man looking at it. Advertising, the permissive part of modern culture, allows him to choose whichever desire he symbolizes with his car, cigarette, credit card, or malt beverage.

Vogue and the New Yorker have bought their desires in Varda's product. "Her movie really *is* about happiness," "a picture wholly pure, where love is joy." What desires are these? Varda learned a lot of her stuff from the advertising slicks and they're buying it back, straight. I find it pleasantly ironic that magazines dedicated to the hard-sell of image-ware are, in their editorial offices, so naïve. Vogue finds a quotation from Varda: "I wanted to make a story about working-class people . . . I know such people who are neither envious nor assertive." The story Vogue bought is touchingly square and politically conservative: the little people, hitherto an unimaginable, perhaps revolutionary mass, are really very happy in their honestly quite beautiful if now outmoded clothes. Vogue's reviewer, Marya Mannes, really believes that, far from the hurly-burly of New York life, there is beauty, truth, love, birth, and barely visible death. "Perhaps it is a little too idyllic that François' girl—'unenvious, unassertive' as she is—should be there to slip so perfectly into the gap left by Thérèse. But why shouldn't Miss Varda let us dream a little, to Mozart?" These buyers use the imagery of "Le Bonheur" speaking a simple language to the honest hearts beating under their Norell suits.

Which is obvious rot.

Novelists, when they were center-stage artists, learned to use a language which was fundamentally ambiguous, and Varda is learning to do the same thing with the immensely ambiguous language of advertising culture. Learning, because "Le Bonheur" is not a resolved film. Varda does not fully exploit or control the tendency of parts of the film to criticize its images.

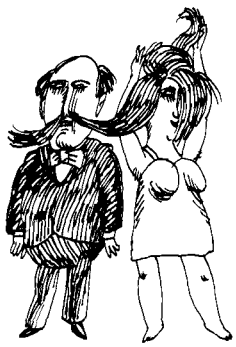
Vide: (A) François, Thérèse and their son in what the parents' smiles and blaring Mozart tell us is an idyllic scene. But the son, inaudible over Mozart, is a screaming piece of intractibility. Smash the happy family image, but for no thematic reason. (B) François explaining to Thérèse about his affair with Emilie, making the assertion that it does not diminish his love for her. She understands? "I'm listening," she replies, thoughtfully. Thérèse does not fit under Varda's bell-jar as easily as the other characters. Her complex and unexplored motives are a story which reviewers from Vogue to the Berkshire Eagle did not buy.

THERESE MAY WELL BE the imageless woman, the stubborn fact which imagination wracks on. Thérèse raises children, washes, cooks, irons, sews, and asks François whether he prefers Bardot or Moreau. He politically answers: his wife. The two are trying to communicate real emotion with commercial images from "Viva Maria," and the images are not sufficient to mature conversation. François has just made his *liaison* with Emilie and he must explain to his drudging, ordinary wife that his taking a flashy mistress—Emilie doesn't look provincial to *him*—is not destructive to familial love. Later, on the Sunday picnic, his wife asks how long she has not been alone with him. He tells her, and attempts to explain the nature of a happy triangle with a somewhat hectic image of mistress and wife as two flowering apple trees and himself as honey bee. His image fails to communicate happiness. His wife perishes, ambiguously; perhaps suicide, perhaps bad luck. He returns to mistress Emilie, who has a picture of La Bardot on her wall.

Varda doesn't do enough with these assaults on advertising's patronizing image of provincial happiness among the little people, but she goes farther toward shattering the image than the other advertisers who have been making movies recently. Like Claude Lelouch. Henry Ford II spent millions to win Le Mans, and on the road to victory, he won Lelouch who produced "A Man and a Woman," starring Cobras, Mustangs, and two of the beautiful people—Anouk Aimée as a film editor, Jean-Louis Trintignant as a driver for Ford (that's spelled F-O-R-D) Racing Division. How about another shot of that Dunlop sign? Get that Ford emblem again, please. (A producer has to get his money somewhere.) Varda? *Bentley*. Lelouch? *Très Mustanguer*.

Jonathan Middlebrook teaches English literature at the University of California at Berkeley.

Theatre:



LA MAMA, MOTHER COURAGE TO THE THEATER

by Joan Simon

MOUNTAINS OF MONEY are poured into the New York theater world from foundations and angels, but art like a blade of Whitman's indomitable grass manages to pierce the cement of a grubby street unaided.

Cafe La Mama, now situated at 122 Second Avenue, started in a basement on East 9th Street with a stage no bigger than a bed. Since the first production of a Tennessee Williams play in July 1962, well over 200 plays have been produced by La Mama, most of which have been debuts of new American playwrights. Actors Kevin O'Connor and Marie-Claire Charba won Obies in La Mama's production of Leonard Melfi's "Birdbath" and Kevin O'Connor won the Vernon Rice award in Sam Shepard's "Chicago," another La Mama premiere. Six plays from La Mama by Paul Foster, William Hoffman, Leonard Melfi, Sam Shepard, Jean-Claude van Italie and Lanford

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Wilson were later produced at the Martinique under the auspices of Theodore Mann and Paul Libin. "La Mama" herself has won an Obie and a Vernon Rice award. "Viet Rock" by Megan Terry, a recent La Mama production, has been picked as a featured play by the new Yale drama department. And La Mama playwrights Leonard Melfi, Lanford Wilson, Sam Shepard and Paul Foster were selected to participate in the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theater Foundation's summer program this past season. In the four years of its operation Cafe La Mama has toured London, Paris, Finland, Rome and is spreading its green revolutionary American life to places such as Zagreb and Poland this season.

How is this miracle possible in the New York art world of today, a theater with no foundation money and no angel behind it? The story of Ellen Stewart and Cafe La Mama from the early basement days to tours behind the Iron Curtain has the qualities of a modern parable of dedication.

Ellen's original idea was to have a boutique by day and theater by night, but this scheme necessitated funds beyond her salary, and she settled for the theater in the basement. Cafe La Mama was and is supported by Ellen Stewart's earnings as a dress designer.

Subsequent enemies of her theater, the Health Department, the Fire Department and more recently Actors' Equity, have not deterred her. In fact it was under the threat of the first of these modern dragons that Cafe La Mama was christened.

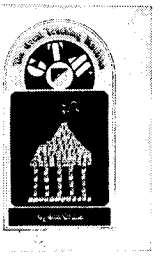
In those early 9th Street days playwrights, actors and directors were constantly coming and going, to help Ellen fix the place up. As Ellen puts it, she was working in an unintegrated building. Some neighbors, unbeknownst to her, called the Health Department and declared that they had counted 16 white men coming to visit a Negress in the basement in the last five hours and would the Health Department please be so kind as to do something about this state of affairs. Late the next afternoon a white haired gentleman with oddly flowing bohemian tie and frilly cuffs arrived. He took one look around and sighed, "Ah theater people." The Health Inspector was a retired vaudevillian who had a warm spot for theater people. He informed Ellen of the charges and they had a good laugh. For the sake of his official report, he had to know what they called themselves. One busy worker misunderstood the question and said "We call her Mama." The Health Inspector didn't think "Mama" had the right ring to it and suggested "La Mama." In those days the theater served coffee and cocoa, hence the name Cafe La Mama.

Although the title "La Mama" suggests a Sophie Tucker person, Ellen is the antithesis. Her voice is soft and melodic. And she possesses the lithe body of a dancer, although she's a grandmother. It takes some persuasion to convince newcomers that the gentle lady in chic clothes is really "La Mama."

There is no end to Ellen Stewart's concern for her theater. On visiting a sick friend at Bellevue she noticed

it's here!

The Great Teaching Machine



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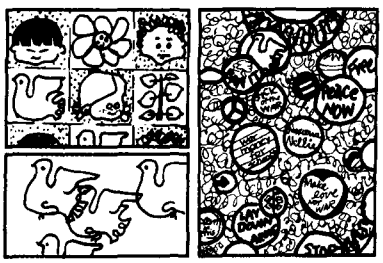
"I think it was the example of Women Strike for Peace that challenged me to become an active participant in the peace movement—their insistence that the world is for children to inherit, not for politicians to play brinkmanship with, that nuclear testing had to be stopped no matter how small is the percentage in whom cancer and birth defects are caused, that there are times when it's a lot more effective to demonstrate for humanity in the streets than to write letters. A White House staffer once described President Kennedy going to the window several times to glance at a Women's Strike demonstration in the rain and then sending coffee out. I always assumed that their devotion to an idealistic cause was a principal factor that emboldened him to negotiate the test ban treaty."—**Benjamin Spock, M.D.**



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bricks piled on the street where they were demolishing the old wing. The next visit she brought two empty bags with her and filled them with ten bricks each. She continued the brick carting every visit until she had 500 bricks with which she and her theater group built La Mama a hearth. More recently when National Educational Television paid Ellen a sum for a two-hour program on three plays from La Mama, she immediately put the money into a laboratory for her group, two huge rehearsal halls near the old basement.

Ellen Stewart gives her group of playwrights, directors and actors the faith and caring of a real Mama. She was proud rather than angry when a new play by Leonard Melfi which was slated for a premiere at La Mama was put on the board for Broadway instead, or when actor John Kramer was lifted from the La Mama production of "Viet Rock" to play the part of the German cook in Wesker's "Kitchen" at the Martinique Theater. In their turn, La Mama's actors, writers and directors do not have that fierce ingratitude of children toward their parents but return her devotion in kind.

Last November the Fire Department threatened to close down La Mama, condemning every light in the place except for the one in the bathroom. The price for meeting the lighting standards came to $782. Each of the 30 playwrights wrote a three-minute original sketch. The 90-minute show ran for a week and paid for the electrical renovations. Actors from all over ran in, smeared on paint, did their stint and hustled off to other shows. At this moment director Tom O'Horgan and actors Kevin O'Connor and Marie-Claire Charba are touring with La Mama when they could be making more money elsewhere. La Mama gives and receives a loyalty that is unique in our barbarous commercial world. At this moment Actors' Equity is threatening the existence of this cafe. And if there were ever a group that deserved to be sponsored, not threatened, it is La Mama.

A former teacher of English at New York University, Mrs. Simon is the author of Portrait of a Father, *a novel published by Atheneum in 1960. She is presently working on another novel.*

Media:

NOVA

by Dugald Stermer

IN A COUNTRY where one is continually assaulted by Jacqueline Kennedy or skinny models on the covers of all our women's magazines, the two-year-old British magazine Nova exhibits an exhilarating new attitude toward publishing.

During the past few years, Nova along with Queen, Town, and a few others, have virtually revolutionized the traditional British formula for communication by print; that is, to set dull articles in unreadable typefaces, combine them with uninspired photography, and print the whole mess on cheap paper. In changing all this, these new magazines have borrowed many graphics techniques from their American counterparts—and have far outclassed them in the process.

Nova is the best of the lot. There is certainly nothing dull about it. Editor Dennis Hackett says, "I edit a literate magazine to be read," and its superb art direction only reinforces that concept. It is loaded with some of the best photography, illustration, design and typography available, but the magazine's 1,440,000 readers are there primarily because of its content. This may say something about the quality of the Englishwoman as compared to our own crop, but perhaps it is only a reflection of our obsolescent ideas of what a consumer magazine can be.

A glance at a selection of its covers alone attests to the fact that Nova uses fashion, food, and the arts as chasers for uncompromising doses of Vietnam, civil rights, establishment baiting and the like. The attitude on the part of the editors is what critic John Peter described as "combining respect and confidence, and it makes many an American publication seem prosperously middle-aged."

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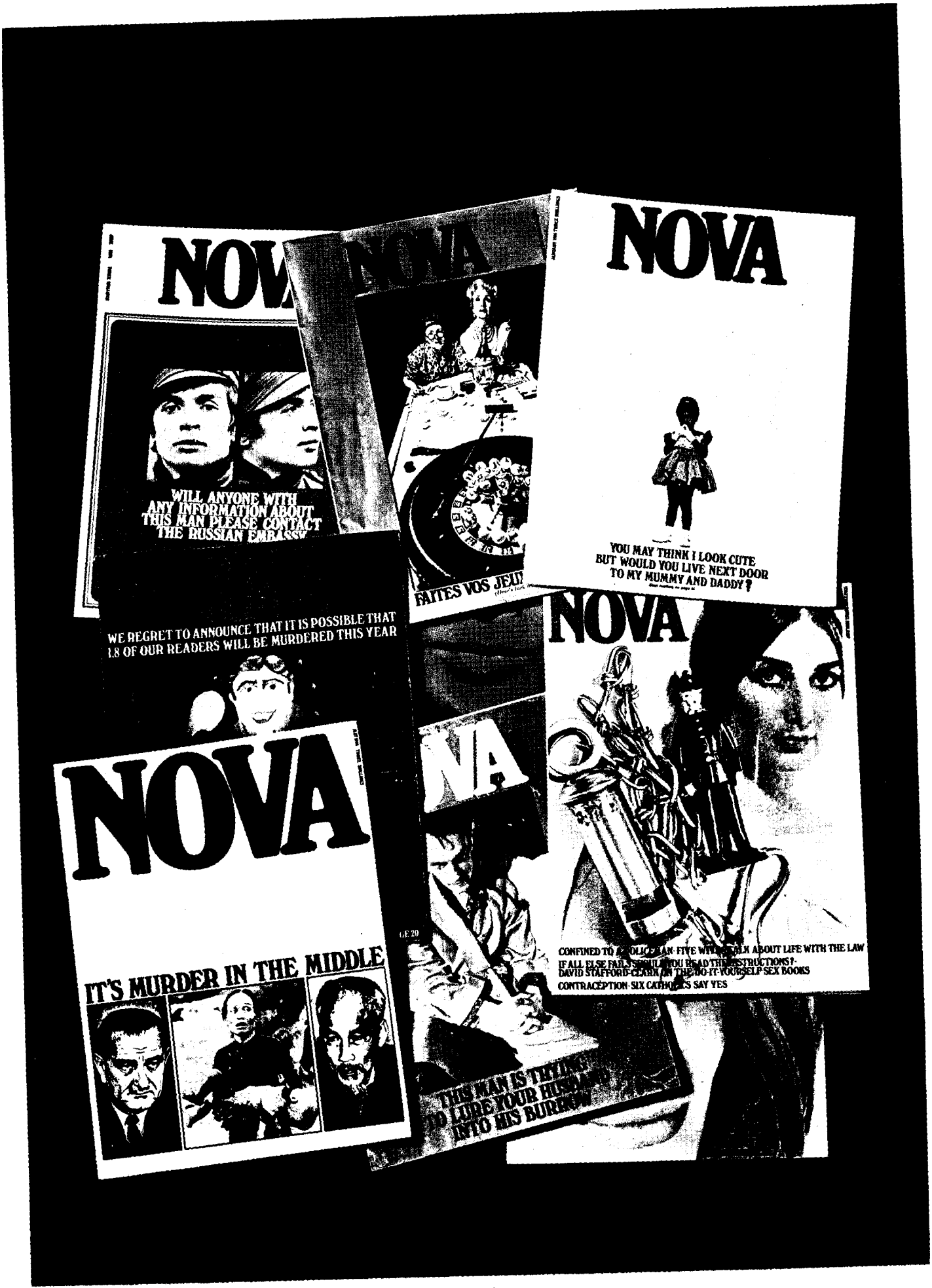
NOVA
WILL ANYONE WITH ANY INFORMATION ABOUT THIS MAN PLEASE CONTACT THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY
NOVA
FAITES VOS JEUX
NOVA
YOU MAY THINK I LOOK CUTE BUT WOULD YOU LIVE NEXT DOOR TO MY MUMMY AND DADDY?
WE REGRET TO ANNOUNCE THAT IT IS POSSIBLE THAT 1.8 OF OUR READERS WILL BE MURDERED THIS YEAR
NOVA
IT'S MURDER IN THE MIDDLE
NOVA
CONFINED TO A POLICEMAN · FIVE WIVES TALK ABOUT LIFE WITH THE LAW
IF ALL ELSE FAILS SHOULD YOU READ THE INSTRUCTIONS? DAVID STAFFORD-CLARK ON THE DO-IT-YOURSELF SEX BOOKS
CONTRACEPTION · SIX CATHOLICS SAY YES

An assortment of Nova covers.

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PREPARE TO FACE YOUR FIGURE

Make no mistake: the beach is one fashion area in which your best accessory is a good figure. Each year thousands of women undress for sea, sand and sun and without careful planning it can for many prove a harrowing experience. The success of summer holiday dressing depends more than any other on common sense and a sound knowledge of your own body. Remember that the comforting concealments of corsetry and shoes will not be at your disposal, that the initial walk from crowded beach to water's edge can seem the longest in the world to those not too confident of their body view. Plan ahead. However much of a rush it is to get away, do spend adequate time looking for a quiet angle in front of a mirror at home alone. Today's bikinis, with briefest of pants and tops equivalent to no-bra bras are only for those with the firmest of flesh. If stretch marks and caesareans have cancelled out bikinis for you, be content to consider them as mere battle scars and the children themselves as more than adequate compensation for the one small area of lost vanity. Pay attention to the bod. Length of one-piece swimsuits, it can be both an aggravation and an embarrassment to be split in two by one that is too short. Also make sure that the bust cantilever remains constant when straps are dropped for sunbathing. A towelling tunic is useful over swimwear with sleeves than without as a protection from both sun and wind. These are very simple to make and most large stores now stock extremely well-designed how-to-do-it by the yard. Bags need be tough with wide comfortable handles, adequate room and not ruined by a dip in the sea. See to it that your sunglasses are not so heavy that they leave a red weal on the bridge of your nose. Your sandal heels should be as near the height of your normal shoes as possible – it can be quite painful for leg muscles to adapt to too drastic a change. Accommodate the swelling of your feet by wearing backless sandals with solid wedge heels for comfort – they come in all heights. Children's cotton sunhats make excellent shields for adult hair and can be easily dyed to match your other beachwear. Finally, the matching is important – do try to get some consistency in colour or pattern in towel, bag and swimsuit rather than a haphazard mixture which cancels out the impact of each article. Model: Ceylonese actress Champa Liyanage. Stockists: page 88

Right: Tricel cami-knickers with separate wrap-around skirt by Quorum, 9 gns. Matching cotton printed sunhat by Marimekko, from a selection at Vasa, £3.15s.

Left: Nova asked actress Champa Liyanage of Ceylon to model exotic beachwear.

Below: In a "factual fantasy of the murders in our midst" Nova points out to its British audience, "It is possible that 1.8 of our readers will be murdered this year; these, of course, are only the ones that will be discovered."

The way you answer this quiz may mean

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

Everyone has a habit, however small, that they'd like to kick.

Answer fearlessly, honestly . . .	Yes	No
Do you feel that, before practising yours, you must make sure no one is around? Or do you feel that, however much some people may misinterpret your habit, it enhances your personality? Have you a partner for your habit or do you often yearn for an understanding partner? Or do you feel that it would be spoilt if talked about? Do you often look at people and think Ha ha if only they knew what I do in my Real Me moments when I'm not drinking cocktails at their place wishing my suit were as good as theirs/wishing my fiancé seemed less interested in them/being beaten by them at golf?		

Now quickly buy another Nova
before your family/landlady sees the ticks you've made against the quiz.

Because we know that you've answered YES to every one of our questions.
In this case, you're either a perfectly normal person with the normal inhibitions, inferiority complexes and one or two fantasy lives: or
one of those perfectly normal homosexuals whom everyone loves and who is perfectly open yet sometimes charmingly diffident: or
a perfectly normal murderer—
There are about three murders a week in Britain. Detected, that is. A cross-section of 900,000 people (the size of our readership) would include 2·7 murderers. Murder is a mainly male crime. Only one in twenty convicted murderers is a woman, but two out of three victims are women—an average per year among a readership such as ours (assuming it to be a fair cross-section) of 1·8. But as Sir Winston Churchill said, 'there are lies, damn lies, and statistics.' You may take our cover with a pinch of whatever you feel you may need and we trust that the joke will not be on you. But what of these murderers who walk among us? Could you, or one of yours, be one of them?
Overleaf, **Jane Gaskell**, with an odd nod towards the statistics, lets her imagination roam. Then **Bill Smithies** follows up with some facts on a regrettable human habit

20

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Chicago Bears
Cincinnati
The Citadel
Clark University
Clarkson
Clemson
Cleveland Browns
Cleveland State
Coast Guard
Coe
Colby
Colgate
Colorado
Colorado State U.
Columbia
Concord
Connecticut
Cornell College
Cornell University
Creighton
Dallas Cowboys
Dartmouth
Davidson
Dayton
Delaware
Denison
Denver
Denver Broncos
DePaul
DePauw
Detroit
Detroit Lions
Dickinson
Drake
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Duquesne
Earlham
East Carolina
Emory
Fairfield
Florida
Florida Southern
Florida State
Fordham
Franklin & Marshall
Fresno State
Furman
Gannon
Georgetown
George Washington
Georgia
Georgia Tech
Gettysburg
Green Bay Packers
Grinnell
Hamilton
Hampden-Sydney
Harvard
Haverford
Hawaii
Hofstra
Holy Cross
Houston
Houston Oilers
Howard
Idaho
Illinois
Illinois Wesleyan
Indiana
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Iowa State
Johns Hopkins
Juniata
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Los Angeles Rams
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Montana State College
Morgan State
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Northern Arizona U.
Northwestern
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Notre Dame
Oberlin
Occidental
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Ohio University
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Penn State
P.M.C.
Philadelphia Eagles
Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh Steelers
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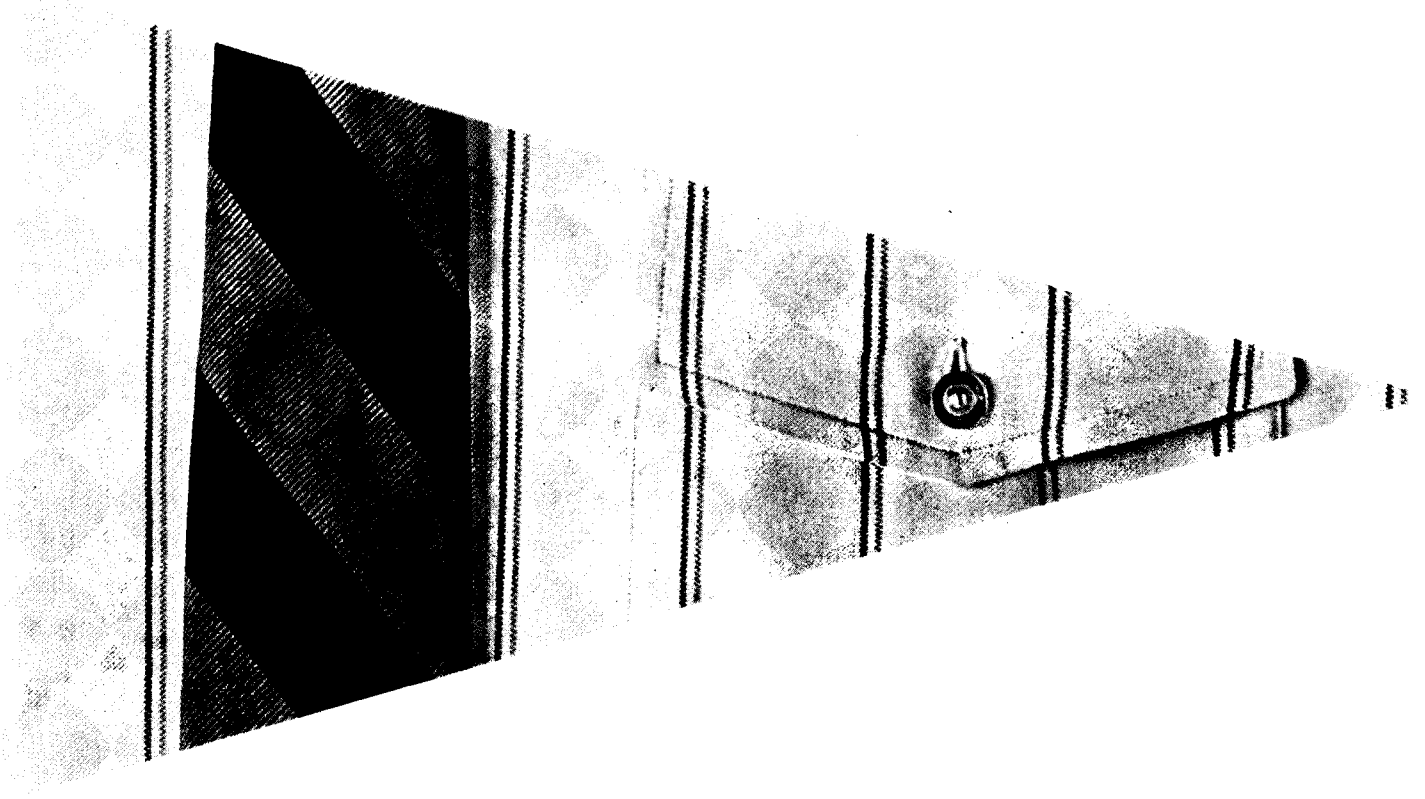
C. W. Post
Princeton
Univ. of Puget Sound
Purdue
Randolph-Macon
Rensselaer Poly.
Rhode Island
Rice
Richmond
Richmond P. I.
Rochester
Rollins
Rutgers
San Diego Chargers
San Diego State
Univ. San Francisco
San Francisco 49ers
San Francisco State
San Jose State
Santa Barbara
St. Joseph's
(Philadelphia)
St. Louis Cardinals
St. Louis University
St. Mary's
Seton Hall
Sewanee
South Carolina
South Dakota
South Dakota State
Southeastern Louisiana
Southern California
Southern Illinois
Southern Methodist
So'western at Memphis
Springfield
Stanford
Swarthmore
Syracuse
Temple
Tennessee
Tennessee Tech
Texas
Texas A & M
Texas Christian
Texas Tech
Texas Western
Toledo
Trinity College
Trinity University
Tulane
Tulsa
U.C.L.A.
Union (N.Y.)
Upsala
Utah
Vanderbilt
Vermont
Villanova
Virginia
Virginia Military Inst.
Virginia Tech
Wagner
Wake Forest
Washington
Washington College
Washington & Jefferson
Washington & Lee
Washington Redskins
Washington State
Wayne State
Wesleyan
Western Reserve
West Virginia
Wichita
William & Mary
Williams
Wisconsin
Xavier (Ohio)
Yale

[Quakertown Eagles Field Heftier Squad; Coach Hopeful But Not Very]

O.K., MEN, WHOSE OLD SCHOOL TROMBLEE DID WE LEAVE OUT THIS TIME?



Copyright 1966, Eagle Shirtmakers [So as not to offend Alma Mater, or anybody else, we doubled the list of old school colors and tossed in the pros, too. ★ The Old School Tromblee (button-down collar *and* pocket) is Oxford Cloth and costs about $8.00 wherever Eagle Shirts are sold. ★ If you don't know where that is Coach Afflerbach will put you in the game. Please write her]. Quakertown, Pa. 18951.

EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS SINCE 1867

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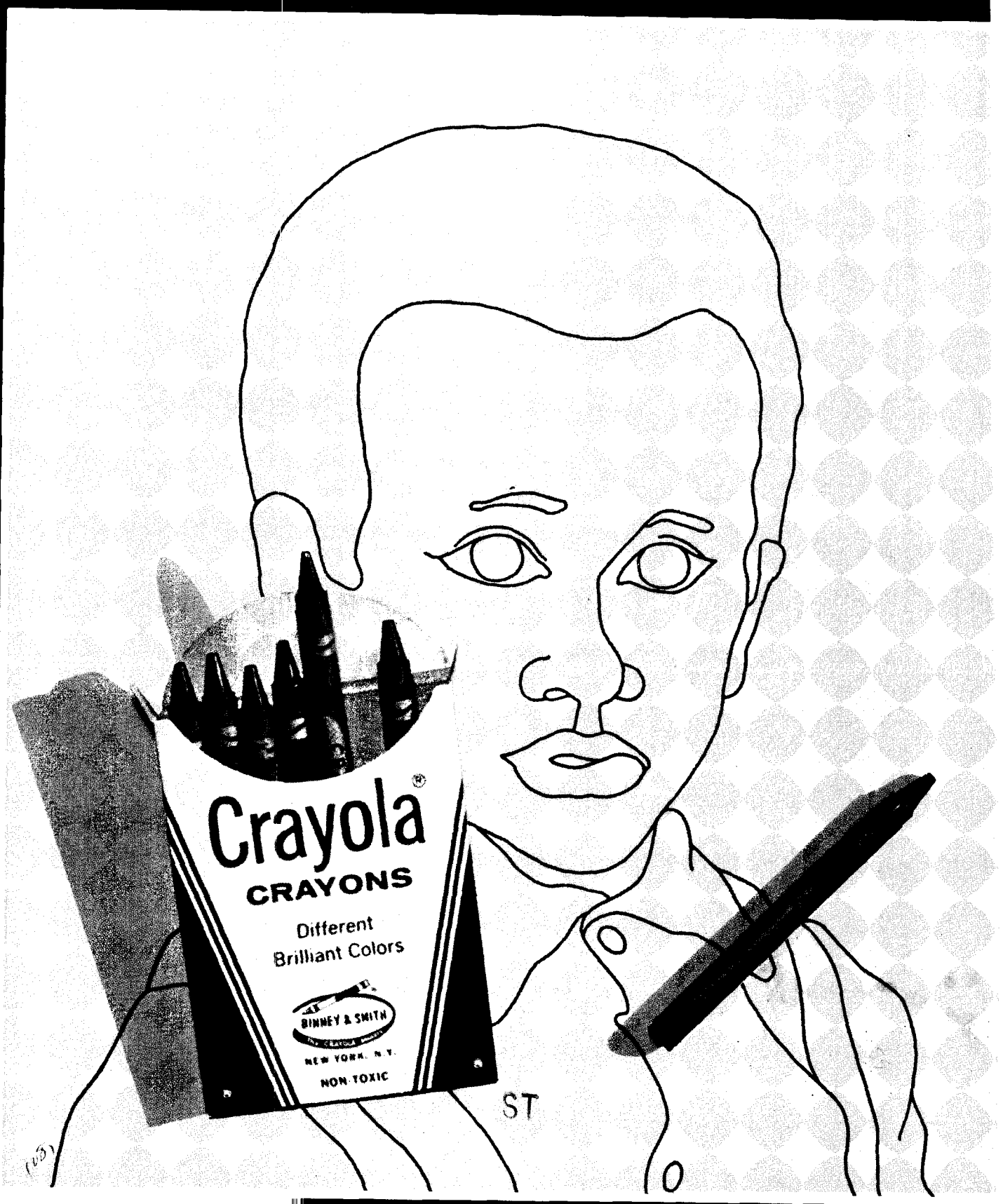
December 1966

Ramparts

Seventy-five Cent



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